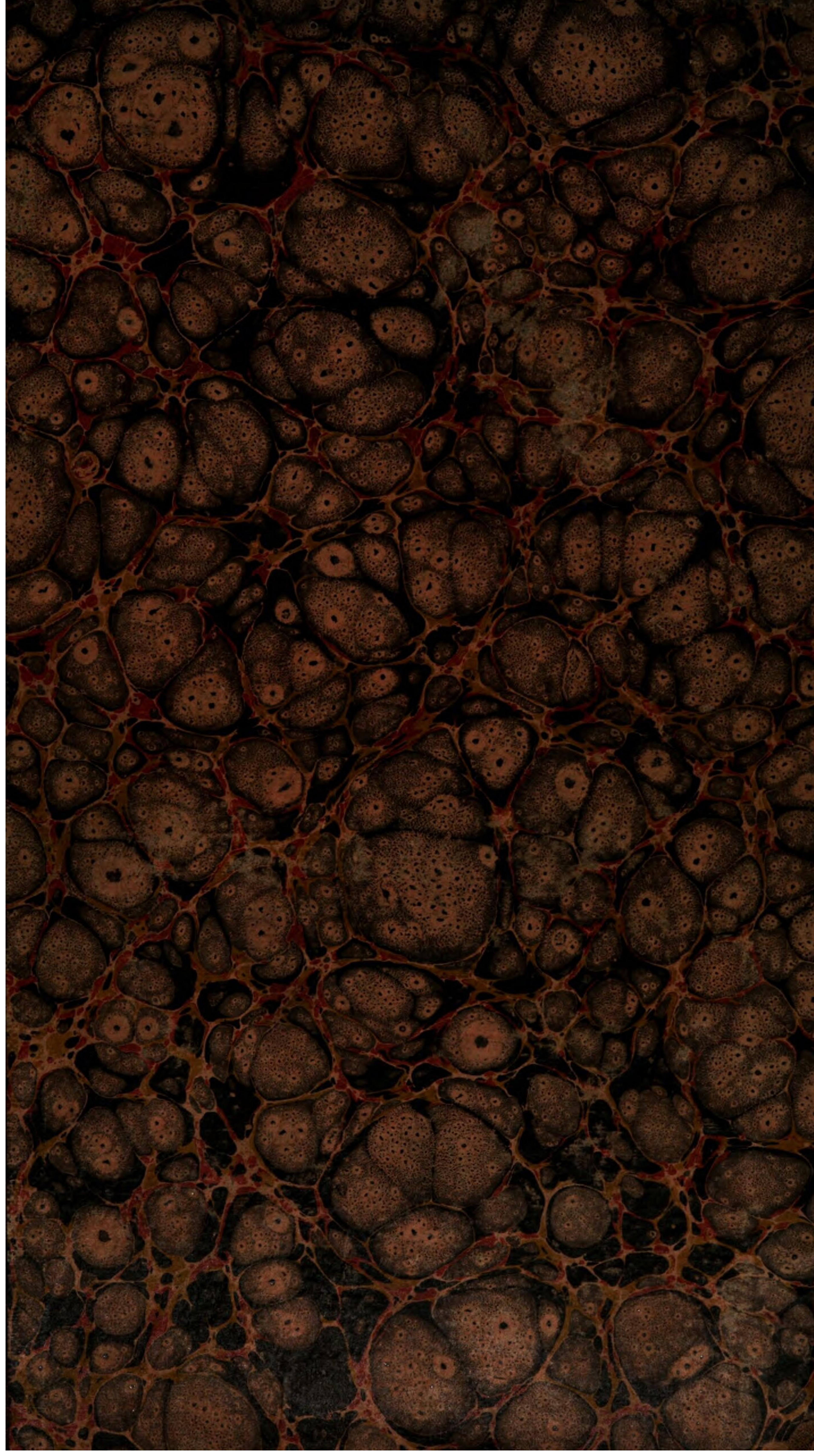




P.O. angl. 373^r

(Shakespeare)

Bitson

~~1308.~~

J. Moulton
Ranger 1835

REMARKS,

CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

ON THE

TEXT AND NOTES

OF THE

LAST EDITION

OF

SHAKSPEARE.

Ah, think not, Mistress, more true Dulness lies
In Follys Cap, than Wisdoms grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learnings surface we but lie and nod.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head,
With all such reading as was never read :
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it.

DUNCIAD.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

M D C C L X X X I I I .



OF THE
TEXT AND NOTES
OF THE
LAST EDITION
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

And write down in Golds, and about it,
I have explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And all the teaching as was never read;
For that we turn the eyes, and find the head,
Of Linnæus thence we put the end and nod,
Like boys, that never sink into the flood,
Intruding thus their visions where dispute
And think not, I think, more tired Dunsen live

DUNCAN

LONDON:
Printed by J. B. G. & Co. in the Strand.
1851.

P R E F A C E.

IF a variety of editions, and innumerable comments can be supposed to perfect and correct the inaccurate text of a celebrated author, sufficient, one would think, has been done to leave that of Shakspeare without a blemish. So slow, however, or so inefficacious, is the progress and exertion of verbal criticism, when moiling in the dust and cobwebs of antiquity, so much is to be demolished, so much to be rebuilt, that it will not, except to those who place implicit confidence in the interested and unqualified assertions of every publisher, be a matter of much surprise to learn, that, after all that has been done by the labour of Shakspeares numerous editors and commentators,—after all that has been urged or assumed in favour of the last
A edition,

edition, — as much more still remains to be done to bring his text back even to the state of correctness in which it was left by his first editors. A reader of hesitation and reflection will hear this with perfect calmness; he will be no stranger to the fluctuating state of former editions; he will have noticed the boldness and assurance, the legislative and dictatorial manner in which every succeeding editor has ushered himself into the world; and will not easily forget the confidence of each in assuring the public that nothing further could possibly be done to his author:—Is not this the language of Rowe, and Pope, and Theobald, and Warburton, and Hanmer, and Capell? And where are they now? Where even dr. Johnson and mr. Steevens may, in the course of a few revolving years, be sent to accompany them:—the regions of oblivion or disgrace.

The chief and fundamental business of an editor is carefully to collate the original and authentic editions of his author. It is otherwise impossible for him to be certain that he is giving the genuine text, because he does not know what that text is. There have been no less than eight professed editors of Shakspeare; and yet

yet the old copies, of which we have heard so much, have never been collated by any one of them : no, not even either of the two first folios, books indifferently common, and quoted by every body. And yet, strange as it may seem, not one of the eight but has taken the credit of, or actually asserted, his having collated them. One may be well allowed to pass by the pretensions of those prior to dr. Johnson without particular notice ; their falsehood is sufficiently apparent in the margin of the late edition. Surely, men who thus proudly expose and severely reprobate the crimes of their neighbours should effectually guard themselves against similar accusations.

“ I,” says dr. Johnson, “ collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more (1) :” “ I collated . . . all [the folios] at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first (2).” He must be very hardy, indeed, that dares give a flat contradiction to such positive assertions as these from so respectable a character. But the cause of Shakspeare and truth obliges one to say that the learned writer is certainly mistaken. The text of his own edi-

(1) Preface, p. 59.

(2) Ibidem, p. 49.

tion, the notes of mr. Steevens, and, in some respect, the remarks in the following sheets, will prove that he never collated any one of the folios, — no not for a single play, — or at least that of his collations he has made little or no use. That he picked out a reading here and there from the old editions, is true: all his predecessors did the same: but this is not *collation*. So much for dr. Johnson.

With regard to the last edition, mr. Steevens explicitly tells us that “it has been constantly compared with the most authentic copies. whether collation was absolutely necessary to the sense, or not (3).” “Would not any one, from this declaration,” to use the ingenious critics own words, “suppose that he had at least *compared* the *folios* with each other (4)?” But he has been deceived, no doubt, by the person employed in this laborious but necessary work. What an abuse of that confidence and credit which the public naturally place in an editor of rank and character, to tell them, that “by a diligent collation of all the old copies hitherto discovered, and the judicious restoration

(3) Advertisement, p. 69.

(4) Ibidem, p. 68.

P R E F A C E.

of ancient readings, the text of this author seems now finally settled (5)!" To what better cause can we ascribe such unfounded assertions than to indolence and temerity? since, had the ingenious writer compared the old and present editions through a single play, he must necessarily have perceived, that all the old copies had NOT been diligently collated, that ancient readings had NOT been judiciously restored, and that the text is no more finally settled at present than it was in the time of Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton: nay, that it is, at large, in the same state of inaccuracy and corruption in which it was left by Mr. Rowe.

These, it may be objected, are merely negative and unproved assertions. It is very true. And they who do not think them confirmed in the course of the following pages, and will not give themselves the trouble to investigate their truth, are at liberty to disbelieve them. To publish the various readings of the old editions would be a busyness of some labour, and little utility.

(5) Malones preface to his Supplement.

As to the notes and conjectures here offered to the public, very little need be said. Shakspeare is *the God of the writers idolatry*, and should any one of these remarks be thought pertinent or useful in the opinion of a single individual who, like him, admires the effusions of this darling child of nature and fancy, whom, *age cannot wither*, and whose *infinite variety custom cannot stale*, it will be a sufficient gratification to him for the pains bestowed in drawing them up. And if there should be a future edition of this favourite, this inimitable author, the writer is not without vanity to hope that the following sheets may stimulate the editors care and attention to give his text with integrity, judgement, and correctness, —

—— a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd;

and, which must of consequence follow, to reduce the number of exuberant and impertinent notes (6).

The freedom with which every editor has treated his predecessors precludes the necessity

(6) From a republication of the last edition nothing is to be expected. The work will continue, like the editions of Warburton and Hanmer, to dishonour criticism and to insult Shakspeare.

of an apology for the liberties taken in the ensuing pages, with the sentiments of some of our most eminent literary characters. The superiority of a commentators rank, however, does not intitle his blunders to respect. It were to be wished that dr. Johnson had shewn somewhat less partiality to *pride of place*; for, though he professes to have treated his predecessors with candour, Theobald, the best of Shakspeares editors, experiences as much scurrility and injustice at his hands, as Hanmer and Warburton, the worst of them, do deference and respect. For this, however, the learned critic might have his private reasons, which, as they could scarcely have justified his conduct, he did right to conceal.

To controvert the opinions, or disprove the assertions of mr. Steevens, dr. Farmer and mr. Tyrwhitt, men no less remarkable for their learning and genius than for their obliging dispositions and amiable manners, has been a painful and odious task. But wherever the writer has been under the necessity of differing from any of these gentlemen either in point of opinion or in point of fact, he will not be found

found to have expressed himself in a manner inconsistent with a due sense of obligations and the profoundest respect. Such, at least, was his intention, such has been his endeavour, and such is his hope.

E R R A T A.

P. 17. l. 13. *for might read might have.*

P. 28. l. 9. *dele it.*

P. 39. l. 15. *for wyffives read wyffves.*

P. 62. l. 11. *for is, not as—read is not, as—*

P. 128. l. 14. *for latte read latter.*

P. 145. l. 14. *for the read due.*

15. *for due read the.*

P. 221. l. 26. *dele and apologise for.*

R E M A R K S

R E M A R K S
ON THE
LAST EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

(PROLEGOMENA.)

p. 199.

(SHAKSPEARES WILL.)

The slightest alteration in the name of this great writer is a circumstance of so much importance to the public, that, although the editors may not have been too hasty in preferring SHAKSPEARE to SHAKESPEARE, it might be wished that a more decisive and less equivocal authority than his WILL had been produced to justify and enforce the change. This will, it should seem, the poet made in his last sickness, when he appears to have been so incapable of paying that attention to the writing of his name which a man in health usually does, that he has actually subscribed it two different ways: SHAKSPERE, and SHAKSPEARE. So that we are still uncertain which mode to adopt. How negligent, therefor, have the editors been, and how much are they to be blamed, for not procuring better and more positive evidence, if it were to be come at, as

B

it

it certainly was! Mr. Garrick, as they must have known, though they did not think it necessary to notice the fact, had then in his possession a lease or mortgage from Shakspeare of a house in Blackfriars, subscribed (as we learn from Mr. Colmans preface to Beaumont and Fletcher) with his own hand, WM. SHAKSPEARE; which, very luckily, confirms the alteration made, with less authority, by the present editors. This deed was discovered among some old writings by Mr. Wallis, of Norfolk-street, who presented it to Mr. Garrick, in the possession of whose widow it, most probably, still remains. Mr. Colman likewise informs us, that the name is, in the poets own county, pronounced with the first *a* short (1), and, in the register of Stratford church, uniformly entered SHAKSPERE.

p. [294].

(ATTEMPT TO ASCERTAIN THE ORDER IN WHICH THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE WERE WRITTEN [BY MR. MALONE].)

One *Hamlet* (or *Hamnet*) Sadler, being a witness to, and mentioned in Shakspeares will, Mr. Malone takes it for granted that he acquired this name from the testators tragedy of *Hamlet*; and thence infers, at least gives it as one reason, that the play must have been written in 1596; that he might be of what the critic thinks a competent age for a witness. In fact, however, the name of *Hamlet* was in common use long before Shakspeare was able to write a line; so that the gentlemen's presumption must, in this instance, necessarily fall to the ground.

“ Here under lyeth buried Eleanor Wife of HAMLET Clarke. She dyed on Sunday the 14th of January 1626.

(1) This pronunciation is right. Twice in the body of his will, and once in the margin,—that is, except the signatures, wherever his name occurs,—it is written SHACKSPEARE: and the instrument itself is, by two different indorsements, called MR. SHACKSPERES will.

After

After they had been married 33 years and about two months."

Stows Survey, by Strype. I. iii. 39.

p. [307].

Whenever the *Merry Wives of Windsor* may have been written, it is certain, as well from the enquirers quotations and remarks, as from the play its self, that the time of action is in the reign of king Henry the fourth. But "if it should be placed," says he, "as dr. Johnson observes it should be read, between the *Second part of K. Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*" (where, however, it cannot be introduced without the most flagrant impropriety) "it must be remembered that mrs. Quickly, who is half-bawd, half-hostess in *K. Henry IV.* is, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Dr. Caius's housekeeper, and makes a decent appearance; and in *K. Henry V.* is Pistols wife, and dies in an hospital; a progression that is not very natural." It is strange enough that the critic should not perceive that *Dr. Caius's housekeeper* and *the landlady of the Boars-head* are totally distinct characters; and have not, if we except their name, sex, sentiments, and loquacity, a single circumstance in common between them. Shakspeare could have been at no loss for one of the same name and family in any town in England.

T E M P E S T.

p. 6.

Boats.—If you can command these elements to silence, . . . we will not *handle* a rope more.

This is a very early, though not the most favourable, specimen of the integrity and correctness of the present text Both the folios read—"we will not *hand* a rope more;"

B 2

which

which is evidently right; that being the proper sea-term in use at this day.

p. 10.

Mira. More to know
Did never *meddle* with my thoughts.

To *meddle*, says Mr. Steevens, in this instance, signifies to *minge*. Hence, adds he, the substantive *medley*. But it should rather mean to *interfere*, to *trouble*, to *busy its self*, as still used in the North: *e. g.* Don't *meddle with me*: *i. e.* Let me alone; Don't molest me. *Medley* can scarce be formed of *meddle*: it is, most likely, a corruption of the French word, *mesléé*.

p. 13.

Pro.—being transported,
And *wrapp'd* in secret studies.

And could this bald and threadbare phrase have passed the examination of judicial collaters and correctors of Shakespeares text? Would not *rapt* have been a fair and probable conjecture, even if it had *not* been, *as it is*, the reading of the old editions? And could it, possibly, have escaped the observation of any person who had made a *constant comparison with the most authentic copies*?

p. 28.

Pro.—*urchins*
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee.

Spirits, perhaps, *in the shape of urchins*, or *hedge-hogs*; which, as Caliban elsewhere complains, would sometimes

Lie tumbling in 'his' bare-foot way, and mount
Their prickles at 'his' foot fall.

In

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, however, it seems to imply a spirit or fairy of a peculiar appearance.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like *urchins*, outhes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their *heads*,
And rattles in their *hands*.

P. 30.

Pro.—when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing *more brutish*.

More brutish than what? The old edition reads—"a thing *most brutish*;" and so should this; as the quotation to dr. Warburtons note might have led the editors to suspect.

P. 38.

Mira. Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's *gentle* and *not fearful*.

That is: Do not rashly determine to treat him with severity: he is *mild* and *harmless*, and not in the least *terrible* or *dangerous*.

P. 47.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave *metal*.

What metal? Brass or copper? Read *mettle*.

P. 59.

Ste.—If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take *too much* for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Too much, says mr. Steevens, means, *any sum, ever so much*. But this can hardly be right. Stephano evidently proposes to sell his monster for a good round price; which it would have been rather difficult for him to do, if he were determined

mined not to take *any sum, ever so much*, for it. He means that he could not rate his purchase too high:—Let me, says he, get ever so much for him, it shall not be more than enough.

p. 64.

Cal. Nor scrape *trencher*.

The old copy, Mr. Steevens observes, reads *trenchering*: and one might naturally have expected a reason why this did not, as the word is, certainly, not so very improper. *Housing* is one of the same kind. Rightly, *trencheren, housen*; trenchers, houses. The participle *beholden* is, by a similar mistake, every where, in the old editions, *beholding*.

p. 74.

Ste. Lead monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this laborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

Is it not evident that the words *Wilt come* should be the last of the preceding speech?

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

p. 139.

Pro. Oh, how this spring of love *resembleth*

The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Resembleth, Mr. Tyrwhitt says, is here used as a quadrisyllable, as if it was written *resembeleth*. And in support of this assertion he instances the two following lines: the one from the *Comedy of Errors*, the other from *As you like it*:

And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*.

The parts and graces of the *wrestler*.

“And it should be observed,” continues he, “that Shakespeare takes the same liberty with many other words, in
which

which *l* or *r* are [is] subjoined to another consonant. See *Com. of Errors*:

“ These are the parents to these *children*.”

Mr. Steevens, in a note immediately preceding Mr. Tyrwhitts, has observed, that when a word was not long enough to complete the measure, our early writers occasionally extended it. Thus, says he, Spenser in his *Faery Queen*:

“ Formerly grounded, and fast *setteled*.”

Again :

“ The while sweet Zephrus loud *whistled*,

“ His treble, a strange kind of harmony ;

“ Which Guyon’s senses softly *tickeled*,” &c.

From this practice, he supposes, the author wrote *resembleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verse. “ The old ballad of *Titus Andronicus*,” adds he, “ is written in this measure, where the *second* and *fourth* lines *only* rhyme.” Whether this be a fact or not “ let the forest judge.” The ballad is printed by Percy, and begins thus : (the stanza being the same throughout :)

You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,

That in defence of native country fights,

Give eare to me that ten yeeres fought for Rome,

Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

There is much greater and more important matter in these observations than either of the ingenious commentators was aware of. Neither Shakspeare nor Spenser appears, from the above instances, at least, to have taken the smallest liberty in extending his words : neither has the incident of *l* or *r* being subjoined to another consonant any thing to do in the matter. But that great authors and great critics should not be better acquainted with the orthography and grammatical structure of their native tongue, is a circumstance which, if not to be wondered at, is, surely, very much

8 TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

to be regretted. The truth is, that *every* verb in the English language gains an *additional syllable* by its termination in *est*, *eth*, *ed*, *ing*, or (when formed into a substantive) in *er*: and the above words, when rightly printed, are not onely unexceptionable, but most just. Thus, *resemble* makes *resemble-eth*; *wrestle*, *wrestle-er*; and *settle*, *whistle*, *tickle*, make *settle-ed*, *whistle-ed*, *tickle-ed*.

Semblance, indeed, cannot properly be written as three syllables; neither, perhaps, is it altogether necessary to pronounce it so. *Chilteren*, however, would be certainly right.

Another instance of this sort occurs in *K. John*:

That were *embatteled* and rank'd in Kent:

which should now be written *embattleed*; though the verb was, probably enough, in Shakspeares time, usually spelled *embattel*.

Again, in Butlers panegyric on sir John Denham:

No poet jeer'd for *scribbling* amiss,

With verses forty times more lewd than his.

Here *scribbling* should be printed *scribbleing*: the metre evidently requiring three syllables, which are necessarily articulated in the pronunciation.

These ideas, had they been more germane to the object of the present sheets, or more likely to experience a favorable reception, might have been much expanded and further pursued; but, indeed, our orthographical system is so thoroughly corrupted, and the principles and formation of the language are, even by those who have professedly treated the subject (2), so little investigated or understood, that a writer, hardy enough to attempt a reform, will naturally expect to find many of his clearest axioms considered as the offspring of singularity, affectation, and caprice.

(2) Johnson, Priestley, &c.

P. 149.

Launce.—I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, fo, fo.

This passage, dr. Johnson very gravely remarks, is much confused, and of confusion, says he, the present reading makes no end. There is not, however, the least room for alteration; Shakspeare has evidently intended to make honest Launce puzzle and confound himself in the arrangement of his *dramatis personæ*; and, it should seem, he has tolerably well succeeded.

A similar thought, mr. Steevens observes, occurs in a play of an *elder* date than this: *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612. The *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is mentioned by Meres in 1598; and, in the opinion of mr. Malone, “bears strong internal marks of an early composition.” He therefor refers it to the year 1593. Surely then the play quoted by mr. Steevens can hardly be supposed to be of an *elder* date.

Ibi.

Launce. Now come I to my mother;—oh that she could speak now like a wood woman!

Mr. Steevens was not certain that he understood this passage; and, indeed, the contrary does not appear by his explanation of it. Now, says Launce, I come to my mother (*i. e.* to the old shoe with the hole in it, which he has just told us was to represent her); oh, that she (*i. e.* the old shoe) could now speak like a wood woman! that is, like a woman craz'd, mad, out of her senses, with grief for my departure. And where's the difficulty of this?

P. 159.

Pro. Is it mine eye or Valentino's praise.

The word *eye* was supplied by dr. Warburton, who says that in ALL the old editions, we find the line printed thus:

It is mine, or Valentino's praise.

C

But

But this, to use his own "warm language (3)," is a lye.
The line is so printed in no old edition.

The first folio reads :

It is mine or Valentines praise.

The second :

Is it mine then or Valentineans praise ?

There is no quarto.

p. 165.

Jul. *Out, out*, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

Out, out, Lucetta ! means no more than *fie, fie* !

p. 187.

3. *Out*. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of *awful men*.

That is, says dr. Johnson, *reverend, worshipful*, such as *magistrates, &c.* Sir John Hawkins proposes *lawful*, which mr. Steevens and mr. Tyrwhitt seem half-inclined to admit. But *awful men* is certainly right ; and means *men well-governed, observant of law and authority ; full of, or subject to awe*. In the same kind of sense as we use *fearful*.

p. 188.

3 *Out*. Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and *niece* ally'd unto the duke.

Niece mr. Theobald altered to *near* : as the poet he thought, "would never have expressed himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece* and *allied* to him." And, indeed, if he had done so, the remark and alteration might have been just : but he does not say she was the *dukes niece*, any more than he does that she was *his heir*.

(3) See dr. Johnsons Prefaces. Life of Broome. small edition. p. 5.

heir. She was the *niece* and *heir* of some body else, and a distant relation of the duke.

p. 194.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, fir ;
But since your falsehood, shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.

Dr. Johnson says that this is hardly sense. He might have said more. It is nonsense. We might, he thinks, read thus :

But since *you're false*, it shall become you well.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, will have no alteration : he supposes the word *it* to be understood : *i. e.* But, since your falsehood, *it* shall become you well, &c. Or, that *To worship shadows*, &c. is the nominative case to *shall become*.

How far any of these opposite conjectures would rectify or elucidate the text, it is not now proposed to examine, as the omission of a single comma will restore sense to the whole passage.

I am very loth, says Silvia, to be your idol ; but, since your falsehood to your friend and mistress shall well become you to worship shadows and adore false shapes (*i. e.* will be properly employed in so doing), send to me, and you shall have my picture.

Ibi.

Hof. By my *ballidom*, I was fast sleep.

i. e. By my *holydame* ; our lady.

p. 199.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her to *leave her token*.

Protheus, says dr. Johnson, does not properly *leave* his lady's token, he *gives it away* : he, therefor, proposes a

different reading. But what puerile quibbling this is! To leave is to *quit, abandon, forsake, part with, &c.* To *leave her token*, is, properly, to *give it away*.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council; you'll be laughed at.

Dr. Johnson considers this as a broken and abrupt speech, and alters the passage accordingly. Mr. Steevens says, the modern editors read—*if 'twere not known in council*; and believes Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel* (secrecy). But the present reading is just; neither is there any such conceit in the speech, which is quite in Falstaff's insolent, sneering manner. It would be much better for you, indeed, says he, to have it known in the council, where you would openly be laugh'd at!

p. 230.

Slender. Two *Edward shovel-boards*, that cost me two shillings and two-pence a-piece.

“*Edward shovel-boards*,” Dr. Farmer thinks, “were the broad shillings of *Edw. VI.*” But why *Edward the Sixth's shillings* for the *shovel boards* of *Henry the Fourth's time*? Can it be imagined, that these shillings, in Shakspeare's time, not fifty years after their coinage, and when they were in common circulation, could be possibly ever sold for two and two-pence? It may likewise be doubted, if *Edward the Sixth's shillings* ever were, or, indeed, could be, used at *shovel-board*, as they appear much too light for that diversion. Master Slender's “*Edward shovel-boards*” have undoubtedly been broad shillings of *Edward the Third*.

Sim.

Ibi.

Sim. I combat challenge of this *latten bilbo*.

One could well wish that the greater part of the long notes on this passage had been omitted. *Latten* is certainly *tin*. But whether the allusion be to Slenders *softness*, rather than to his *thinness*, is not quite so clear.

P. 244.

Fal. Hold, firrah, bear you these letters *tightly*.

This is nonsense. The quarto and second folio read *rightly*, for which *tightly*, the reading of the first folio, is onely a misprint.

p. 248.

Sim. No, forfooth: he hath but a *little wee face*.

Wee, says mr. Steevens, in the northern dialect, signifies *very little*. But, though he is so *near* the true meaning, he hints that on the authority of the quarto, 1619, we might be led to read *wey face*. *Little wee*, however, is certainly the right reading; it implies something extremely diminutive; and is a very common vulgar idiom in the North. *Wee*, alone, has only the signification of *little*. Thus Cleveland:

A Yorkshire *wee bit*, longer than a mile.

The proverb is, *A mile and a wee bit*; *i. e.* about a *league and a half*.

p. 250.

Quic. We shall all be *shent*.

i. e. (according to Mr. Steevens) *scolded, roughly treated*.

The word has, indeed, a variety of significations in old authors, and these are two of them; but, in modern language, mrs. Quicklys exclamation would have been:—*We shall be all murder'd, ruin'd, undone!*

Pist.

p. 261.

Pist. Hope is a *curtail'd dog* in some affairs.

The tail, says dr. Johnson, is counted necessary to the agility of a grey-hound; and one method, he observes, of disqualifying a dog, according to the forest-laws, is [was] to cut his tail, and make him a *curtail*. A *curtail-dog*, adds mr. Steevens, was the dog of an unqualified person, whose tail, by the *laws of the forest*, was cut off.

But it does not appear that there either is, or could be any such regulation in the *Forest-laws*; as greyhounds, which alone would be disqualified by *excauditation*, could never have been the objects of laws made solely for the preservation of the kings deer. By those *modern forest-laws*, however, the *acts of parliament for the preservation (i. e. destruction) of the Game*, as expounded by that learned and respectable body ycleped *Justices of the Peace*; an *unqualified* person is allowed to keep a *curtailed greyhound*, without incurring the penalties of the aforefaid statutes, in which it is difficult to say whether Justice or Humanity be most apparent. A *curtail dog*, simply, is one of that inferior species of those animals, now called *curs*, from the prevailing usage of cutting their tails. A piece of wanton barbarity which (though, by no means, singular, even in *this country*) can only be perpetrated by unfeeling wretches who seem to enjoy no more reason than is just sufficient to plunge them into a more degraded and brutal state than that of the poor animal they so inhumanly mangle.

p. 279.

Quic. But Mrs. Page would desire you to send her your little page, *of all loves*.

This, which, mr. Steevens thinks, signifies no more than *by all means*, is an expression of kindness, and an earnest desire

fire that the person would comply with the request out of affection and regard.

p. 310.

Fal.—I see what thou wert, if *Fortune thy foe* were not.

He alludes to a very old, and formerly very popular song, beginning:

Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?

It is, more than once, mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, and from a passage in *The Rump or Mirrour of the Times*, an old comedy by John Tatham, it should seem to have been a common dance tune; which may serve to shew that the old dances were much more grave and solemn than those now in use, the tune being a very slow movement; as the reader will immediately recollect when he is informed that it is the identical air, now known by the song of *Death and the Lady*, to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been usually chanted for upwards of these two hundred years.

P. 335.

Mrs. Ford.—It is my maids aunt of Brentford

Ford. A witch, a quean &c.—she works by charms &c.

Concerning some *old woman of Brentford*, says Mr. Steevens, there are several ballads; among the rest, *Julian of Brentfords last will and testament*, 1599. The learned commentator has in this assertion, perhaps, been misled by the vague expression of the stationers book. *Lyl of breyntfords testament*, to which he seems to allude, was written by Robert, and printed by William Copland, long before 1599. But this, the only publication, it is believed, concerning the above lady at present known, is certainly *no ballad*.

16 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 347.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; *like* who more bold.

“ In the first edition the latter speech stands: *I Tike, who more bolde.*—And should plainly be read here, *Ay sir Tike, &c.* FARMER.”

The word recommended by this ingenious critic is indeed inserted; but, doubtless, by the printers oversight, the corrupt one, which it was intended to supplant, has been likewise continued.

p. 363.

Eva.—But, stay; I smell a man of *middle earth*.

Spirits, says dr. Johnson, are supposed to inhabit the *ethereal regions*, and *fairies* to dwell *underground*, men therefor are in a *middle station*. Yes; but to make the explanation consistent, we must suppose *spirits* to inhabit a *higher earth*, and *fairies* a *lower*; otherwise the station of man cannot, with respect to *them*, be called *middle earth*. The truth is, that the phrase, which is a very common one, signifies neither more nor less than the *earth*, or *world*, from its imaginary situation in the *midst* or *middle* of the Ptolemaic system, and has not the least reference to either spirits or fairies.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

p. 16.

Enter Clown.] As this is the first *clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, mr. Steevens thought it not amiss, 'from a passage in *Tarltons News out of Purgatory*.

gatory, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character. “—— I saw one attired in ruffet,
“ with a buttoned cap on his head, a great bag by his side
“ and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a
“ *clowne*, as I began to call Tarlton’s wonted shape to re-
“ membrance.”

This may, probably enough, have been the dress appropriated to such a character as the *clown* or *fool* in *As you like it*, *All’s Well that Ends Well*, *Twelfth Night*, and *King Lear*; but the clown of this play is a different personage, the tapster to a bawdy-house, and resembles the above character no more than *Launce*, *Speed*, *Costard*, or *Launcelot Gobbo*, the note and quotation, therefor, which might had their use elsewhere, are here certainly misplaced.

p. 20.

Claud.—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Juliettas bed;
You know the lady; &c.

This speech, as Mr. Steevens well observes, is too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet, before her face; for she appears to be brought in with the rest, though she has nothing to say. The clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudios telling Lucio *that he knows the lady*, &c. one would think, he says, she was not meant to have made her personal appearance upon the stage.

That Julietta enters at the same time with Claudio;—that she is not present during his conversation with Lucio;—and that she is afterwards in the custody of the provost;—are evident and certain. The little seeming impropriety there is will be entirely removed by supposing, that, when Claudio stops to speak to Lucio, the provosts officers depart with Julietta.

D

Duke

P. 24.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
Which for these *nineteen years* we have let sleep.

It was *fourteen years* in all the editions prior to Theobald who made the alteration. The reason of which, he, in his note upon the place, says, will be obvious to him who recollects what the duke has said in a foregoing scene. But the *duke* had not before uttered a syllable about the matter; he must therefor mean *Claudio*, who mentions

—— the enrolled penalties

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long, that *nineteen zodiacks* have gone round,
And none of them been worn.

Theobald says, the author could not so disagree with himself; and that it is necessary to make the two accounts correspond. But there is no reason to charge the author with inconsistency, neither is it necessary that the two speakers should agree in their calculation. If it were, the dukes account should most certainly be preferred, as he was doubtless much better acquainted with the exact time of the disuse of those laws than Claudio can be reasonably supposed to have been. For, though he may not be too young a man to have a perfect recollection of the circumstance, (and it should rather appear he is) yet it must be observed that he is *about to suffer* by the *revival* of *these very penalties*, which, both his interest and inclination would naturally lead him to represent as much more obsolete than they actually were. The old reading should, in all events, be restored.

P. 28.

Isab. Sir, make me not *your story*.

i. e. do not make a *jest of me*. Dr. Johnson: *do not by deceiving me, make me subject for a tale*. Mr. Steevens: *do not*

not divert yourself with me as you would with a story, do not make me the subject of your drama.

p. 40.

Elb. [Escal.] Which is the wiser here? Justice or iniquity?

These, says dr. Johnson, were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, continues he, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost.

Justice or iniquity, i. e. the *constable* or the *fool*. Escalus calls the latter *iniquity* in allusion to the old *Vice*, a necessary character, it is said, in the ancient moralities or dumb shews; and the *Harlequin* of the modern stage. *Justice* may have a similar allusion to his supposed antagonist, into whose hands, after a variety of elusions, he was always made to fall.

p. 45.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour!

Ang. Stay yet awhile—[*To Isab.*] you are welcome: what's your will?

It is not clear, dr. Johnson thinks, why the provost is bidden to stay, nor when he goes out.

The entrance of Lucio and Isabella should not, perhaps, be made till after Angelos speech to the provost, who had only announced *a lady*, and seems to be detained as a witness to the purity of the deputies conversation with her. His *exit* may be fixed with that of Lucio and Isabella. He cannot remain longer, and there is no reason to think he departs before.

Stay yet a while.] The old copies, which dr. Johnson pretends to have collated, read *Stay a little while*.

D 2

Ang.

p. 51.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.

That is, says dr. Johnson, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So, adds he, we say to *brood* over thought. But can this be right? Does not the deputy plainly mean, that *her wisdom* raised *his desires*?

p. 66.

Ang. As these black masks
Proclaim an *enshield* beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could *displayed*.

These masks, in mr. Tyrwhitts opinion, mean the *masks of the audience*; an indecorum, he thinks, of which Shakspeare would hardly have been guilty to flatter a common audience; he therefor concludes that the play may have been written to be acted at court.

The remark is ingenious, but not decisive. It is hardly generous or candid to make the author absurd, when his language or sentiment will obviously bear a different and rational interpretation. The idea in Angelos speech might be easily communicated by the mask which Isabella held in her hand. And *these black masks* will, in that case, only be *such masks as these*, or *this kind of masks*. Which doubtless is Shakspeares meaning. *Enshield* is certainly put by contraction for *enshielded*, and not by corruption for *inshell'd*, as mr. Tyrwhitt would suppose.

p. 88.

Duke.—And here, by this, is your brother faved,—and the corrupt deputy *scaled*.

To *scale* is certainly to *reach* (as dr. Johnson explains it), as well as to *disperse* or *spread abroad*, and hence its application

cation to a routed army, which is *scattered over the field*: further than this it seems nothing to the purpose of mr. Steevens's note. The duke's meaning appears to be, either, that Angelo would be *over-reached*, as a town is by the *scalade*; or, that his true character would be *spread* or *lay'd open*, so that his villainy would become evident. Dr. Warburton thinks it is *weighed*; a meaning which dr. Johnson affixes to the word in another place:

Scaling his present bearing with his past, *Coriolanus.*

p. 89.

Duke. I will presently go to St. Luke's; there at the moated grange resides this Mariana.

A *grange* does not properly mean any *solitary farm house*, as mr. Steevens explains it. It implies some one particular house, immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, situated at a small distance from the town or village from which it takes its name; as *Hornby-grange*, *Blackwell-grange*; and is, in the neighbourhood, simply called *the Grange*. Originally, perhaps, these buildings were the lords' *granary* or store-house, and the residence of his chief bailiff. (*Grange*, Fr. *Granagium*, Lat.) This note may likewise serve to correct mr. Warburton's misinterpretation of the word in vol. x. p. 436.

p. 100.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make *Mercy swear*, and *play the tyrant*.

Certainly right. We still say *to swear like an emperor*; and, from some old book, of which the writer unfortunately neglected to copy the title, he has noted, *to swear like a tyrant*. *To swear like a termagant* is quoted elsewhere

elsewhere. Dr. Warburton would read mercy *swerve*, and dr. Farmer *severe*. A similar passage occurs in *As you like it*.

Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And *play the swaggerer*.

P. 101.

Duke. I am a brother
Of gracious order, lately come from *the see*,
In special business from his holiness.

The folio, as dr. Johnson observes, reads, *from the sea*. And this seems the more probable reading. For, without it could be proved, that *the see* was used by way of eminence and distinction for the papal court, one may be satisfied that Shakspeare intended to represent the friar as having come from his Holyness to Vienna by *sea*; and so, no doubt, Shakspeare might imagine he did. If it were not from the mention, which occurs, of *Poland* and *Russia*, one might suppose the *Vienna* of this play to be not the capital of Austria, but rather *Vienna* (now *Vienne*) in Dauphiné: which was anciently a city of great fame, governed by a duke.

P. 108.

Duke.—volumes of report
Run with these *false and most contrarious quests*.

That is, says dr. Johnson, *reports running counter to each other*. But *false and contrarious quests*, in this place, rather mean *lying and contradictory messengers*, with whom *run volumes of report*. An explanation which the line quoted by mr. Steevens will serve to confirm.

P. 111.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our *mystery*.

“ I think

“ I think it just worth while to observe,” says dr. Warburton, “ that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt [spelled] with an *i*, and not a *y*, because it comes not from the Greek *μυστήρια*, but from the French *mestier*.”

If it were worth the learned prelates while to make this observation, it may be worth the while of an inferior person to contradict it. For, ingenious as the distinction may seem, and implicitly as it has been adopted, there is not the smallest authority for it, unless the great critics dogmatical assertion may be termed so. He doubtless thought that the word *mystery* was too sublime and sacred to be mixed with the profane and vulgar ideas of *base mechanicals*; and that such vile objects as *trades* and *manual professions* ought not to participate in the use of a name set apart for the inexplicable solemnities of Christianity. But the truth is, that the word, in its highest or lowest acceptation, means no more or less than the *secret* or *arcana* of any CRAFT, *civil* or *religious*; in *faith* or in *works*; and whether we are talking of the *mystery* of the *Blessed Trinity*, or the *mystery* of the *Barber-Surgeons*, we mean *one and the same word*, from *mystere*, Fr. (of which *mestier* is only a corruption) *mysterium*, Lat. *μυστήριον*, Gr. *Mystery* should, therefor, be restored to the text; whence it was the more unwarrantably ejected, even according to the right reverend fathers hypothesis, as it *there* signifies neither *trade* nor *manual profession*.

P. 122.

Clown.—Master *Forthright* the *tilter*.

The old copy, says dr. Johnson, reads *Forthlight*, but this he conjectured should be *Forthright*, alluding to the line* in which the thrust is made. And, as he had it in his

his power to alter the text,—so the text was altered. *Forth-*
light may, nevertheless, be the true reading; certainly, it
 should not have been so hastily displaced. It, probably
 enough, contains an allusion to the fencers threat of making
 the *light* shine through his antagonist.

P. 123.

Barnar.——What are you?

Clown. Your *friends*, sir; the *hangman*.

This should be, either—*your friend*, sir; *the hangman*; or
 —*your friends*, sir; *the hangmen*.

P. 124.

Duke. Unfit to live or die: oh, gravel heart!
 After him fellows; *bring him to the block*.

The duke is wonderfully consistent: not three lines be-
 low he calls the prisoner;

A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
 and says, that

—— to transport him in the mind he is
 Were damnable.

P. 130.

Ang.—But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me? *Yet reason dares her? no:*
 For my authority bears a credent bulk,
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather.

Though all the editors and commentators differ about
 the meaning of this passage, and even dr. Johnson is not
 ashamed to say that he has *nothing to offer worth insertion*,
 yet, surely, there is no such amazing difficulty in it.

mr. Upton, and mr. Upton onely, has given the true and apparent sense. The following are his own words, which dr. Johnson, as he did not understand the passage, and, consequently, their value, has been pleased to mutilate: *Were it not for her maiden modesty, how might the lady proclaim my guilt? Yet (you'll say) she has reason on her side, and that will make her dare to do it. I think not; for my authority is of such weight, &c.*

p. 170.

Duke.—I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy *help* by beneficial help.

Thus, indeed, the old editions; but we should certainly read *life*.

p. 199.

Bal. For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd where 't gets possession.

On consulting the first folio, says mr. Steevens, I found the second line had been lengthened out by the *modern* editors, who read:

For ever hous'd where it *once* gets possession.

I have therefore, adds he, referred it to its former measure.

If this ingenious gentleman had consulted the *second* folio he might have perceived that the line had not been lengthened, nor, indeed, touched, by the modern editors.

p. 203.

S. Ant. Let love, being light be drowned if *he* sink.

The old editions read *she*. But "I know not," says mr. Steevens, "to whom the pronoun *she* can be referred. I have made no scruple to remove a letter from it." It would not, however, have been amiss, if the ingenious critic had been somewhat more scrupulous on the

E

occasion:

occasion: as there need be little doubt to whom the pronoun *she* can be referred. *i. e.* to *Love* (Venus). Thus, in the old ballad of *The Spanish Lady*:

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all *her* laws defy.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

p. 218.

Adr. Tell me was he arrested on a *band*

S. Dro. Not on a *band* but on a *stronger thing*.

A chain, a chain.

Band is here rightly preserved, but it is pleasant enough to mark the consistency of the editors, who make a merit of restoring it from *bond*, which, they observe, is in the old editions, and was formerly spelled *band*. The word *porpentine* appears throughout all the old copies, and in many contemporary writers; but this they have modernised to *porcupine*. The affirmative *I*, always used by Shakspeare and others, has been likewise changed to *ay*, and frequently to the injury of both sense and rime. A number of words in every play are in the same predicament. And even this identical word *band* is elsewhere turned into *bond*. Happy Shakspeare!

A *band*, Mr. Steevens observes, is likewise a *neckcloth*; and on this circumstance, he believes, the humour of the passage turns. But the ingenious gentleman is under a double mistake. A *band* is not, nor ever was, a *neckcloth*, though, certainly, an appendage to the neck. Neither does the humour of the passage turn upon any such allusion; for there would be very little humour in it, if it did.

did. Adriana means a *written band*, and Dromio quibbles upon a *hempen one*.

P. 223.

Cour.—Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, *or* bespeak a longer spoon.

Or, says Mr. Steevens, which modern editors have thrown out of the text, signifies *before*. But the passage is wrong pointed. And the *or* is a mistake for *and*. We should read thus:

Cour.—We'll mend our dinner here

S. Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, *and* bespeak a long spoon.

Mr. Steevenses remark does not seem much to the purpose.

P. 233.

Abb. — What doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair
And at her heels, a hunge infectious troop,
Of pale distemperature, and foes to life?

Shakspeare, says dr. Warburton, could never make melancholy a *male* in one line, and a *female* in the next, he therefor boldly pronounces the line the foolish insertion of the first editors; as if such fools could write as well as Shakspeare.

Mr. Heath, in his fancyful way, proposes a different reading, while mr. Steevens is contented with ridiculing the preciseness and affectation of master Capell.

But, after all, the text is very clear and intelligible, and certainly right. *Kinsman* means no more than *near relation*. Many words are used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude.

p. 238.

Mess. Mistrefs, ———

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To *scorch* your face, and to disfigure you.

Dr. Warburton would read *scotch*. But mr. Steevens defends the present reading (which is certainly the true one), and says that Antipholis would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. He had *singed the conjurers beard off*: Mr. Steevens should have informed us how he it was to punish his *wife* in the same manner.

p. 242.

Ægeon. Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last ;
And careful hours, with times deformed hand,
Have written strange *defeatures* in my face.

Defeature, says dr. Johnson, is the *privation of feature*. The meaning, adds he, is, time hath *cancelled my features*. It is no uncommon thing to find the author and his commentator of different opinions ; What says *Ægeon* ? Why that Time had *written* defeatures in his face, i. e. *given* them to him. As to the commentators themselves, it is so very rarely we meet them agreeing, that it is no wonder to find mr. Steevens explaining *defeatures* by *undings, miscarriages, misfortunes*, from *defaire*, Fr. So that the meaning, according to this ingenious gentleman, will be, *Time hath written in my face strange undings*. But *defeatures* are certainly neither more nor less than *features* ; as *demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says *Ægeon*, hath placed *new and strange features* in my face ; — i. e. given it quite a different appearance ; — no wonder therefor thou do'st not know me.

Ægeon,

*Ibi.**Ægeon.* I am sure *thou* dost.*E. Dro.* Ay, sir?

But I am sure I do not; and whatsoever
A man denies you are now *bound* to believe him.

In the two old folios the passage stands, and rightly, thus:

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.*E. Dro.* I, sir?

But I am sure I do not, &c.

I is here—not the adverb, but—the personal pronoun.

One great excellence of modern commentators consists in the art of discovering neglected puns. It is some wonder therefor that this of Dromio should escape them. The reader will remember that *Ægeon* is *actually in bonds*.

p. 244.

Duke. Besides *her* urging of her wreck at sea.

This, Mr. Steevens observes, is one of Shakspeare's oversights. The abbess has not so much as hinted at the shipwreck. Perhaps, indeed, adds he, this and the next speech should change places.

That however would scarcely remove the difficulty: the next speech is *Ægeon's*. Both it and the following one should precede the dukes; or there is, possibly, a line lost.

p. 266.

Bene.—Let him him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd
Adam.

“Adam Bell,” says Dr. Johnson, “was a companion of Robin Hood, as may be seen in Robin Hood's garland; in which, if I do not mistake,” adds he, “are these lines:

“For

“ For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the clough,
 “ And William of Cloudeflee,
 “ To shoot with our forester for forty mark,
 “ And our forester beat them all three.”

In answer to this it may be observed, 1. That Adam Bell was *not* a companion of Robin Hood; 2. That it can-
not be seen in Robin Hoods garland; 3. That the lines
 quoted prove neither the one nor the other, as they do not
 relate to *Robin Hood*. It is peculiarly unfortunate that the
 learned critic should be most mistaken where he is most
 confident.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 271.

John. I had rather be a *canker* in a *hedge*; than a *rose* in his
 grace.

A *canker*, dr. Johnson tells, is the *canker-rose*, *dog-rose*,
cynobastus, or *hip*. But the word *canker* should rather
 seem to be used here, as it is in various other places, for
 the worm which preys upon flowers; a metamorphosis
 suited to the malignancy of the speakers disposition.

Thus in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

———— as in the *sweetest bud*
 The *eating-canker* dwells

Again, in the same play:

———— as the most forward *bud*
 Is eaten by the *canker*, ere it blow.

“ *Mallet* alias *Malloch*,” in his beautiful ballad of *Wil-*
liam and Margaret, has made a fine use of this idea.

But

But *love* had, like the *canker-worm*,
 Consum'd her early prime;
 The *rose* grew pale, and left her cheek;—
 She dy'd before her time.

It occurs likewise in the *Midsummer Nights Dream*:
 Some to kill cankers in the *musk-rose* buds.

Again, in the same play:

O me! you jugler! oh! you *canker-blossom*!

Upon which mr. Steevens observes, that *canker blossom* is not, in this place, the blossom of the *canker* or wild-rose, which our author alludes to in *Much ado about Nothing*, act I. sc. vi. [the present text] but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle." And the ingenious critic is certainly right in his exposition of the words *canker-blossom*; but it may be safely affirmed that if *they* mean not the *wild-rose*, *canker*, neither in the text, nor any where else, does.

We meet with it again in *the First Part of Hen. IV.*

O that this good blossom could be kept from *cankers*.
 And plant this thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke.

In this last passage it undoubtedly means what mr. Steevens explains it to be; *the wild-rose*; which it does not in the following:

Hath not thy rose a *canker*, Somerset? 1 Hen. 6.

P. 293.

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended,
 We'll fit the *kid-fox* with a pennyworth.

i. e. says dr. Grey, we'll be even with the *fox now discovered*.
 So, adds he, the word *kid*, or *kidde*, signifies in Chaucer.

To

To which mr. Steevens does *not* dissent; except by hinting that if any future editor should choose to read *hid* fox, he may observe that Hamlet has said—"Hide fox and all after."

A *kid fox* seems to be no more than a *young fox*, or *cub*.

P. 329.

Dogb. Go, good partner, get you to *Francis* Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn, &c.—here's that shall drive some of them to a *non-com*.

Master Seacoals name, in act III. sc. iii. is *George*. By *non-com* Dogberry means to say *non-plus*.

P. 345.

Dogb. Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; how answer you for yourselves?

Cour. Marry, sir, we say, *we are none*.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come hither, firrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, *we are none*.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God they are both in a tale;—have you writ down *they are none*?

"This is an admirable stroke of humour: Dogberry says of the prisoners that they are false knaves, and from that denial of the charge, which one in his wits could not but be supposed to make, he infers a *communication of counsels*, and records it in his examination as an *evidence of their guilt*."

SIR J. HAWKINS.

It is with infinite reluctance that the writer finds himself obliged to differ in opinion from the learned magistrate, who, from his having so long and so ably presided upon
similar

similar occasions, must, no doubt, be perfectly acquainted with the nature of a judicial process.

That there is infinite humour in the passage is very true ; and that the ingenious commentator has not discovered it is equally so ; the sentiments and conduct of master Dogberry being the direct reverse of what he supposes them to be. We clearly perceive that in this examination Dogberry takes all the precaution possible to come at the truth ; he charges them *severally* with being *false knaves* ; he *takes the utmost care* that they shall have *no communication of counsels*, in order to concert a joint defence, by *onely whispering* to *one*, what he had before asked in the *hearing of both* ; he is, therefor, astonished to find them *both in a tale*, and directs it to be recorded, as a proof of their *innocence*,—*that they are no knaves* :—because they had *both told him so*.

This is the more evident from the behaviour of the sexton ; who, in mr. Steevenses opinion, and he seems perfectly right, shews as *much good sense* on the occasion as any *judge upon the bench* could do, and who immediately tells Dogberry, that *he goes not the way to examine*, and that he must *call the watch*, &c.

If the learned annotator will amend his comment, by omitting the word *guilt*, and inserting the word *innocence*, it will (except as to the supposed inference of a communication of counsels which should be likewise omitted or corrected) be a just and pertinent remark.

P. 349.

Leon. If such a one will smile and stroke his beard ;
And, *sorrow wag ! cry* ; hem, when he should groan.

By the two full pages of note-work upon this passage there should seem to be some difficulty in it. Be it what it will, however, it is left just as it was found. Every

F

editor

editor and commentator has offered his proper lection, and therefor here's a new one to increase the number.

And, *sorrow waggery*, hem when he should groan.

i. e. sorrow becoming waggery; or, converting sorrow into waggery, hem, &c.

Surely this is at least as good as—*hallow wag, sorrow wage, sorrow gagge, sorrowing, sorry wag, &c.* or even as the present text. The old editions uniformly read,

And *sorrow, wagge, crie* hem, &c. when he should groan.

p. 366.

Benc. Question?—why, an hour in clamour, &c.

i. e. says bishop Warburton, “what a question's there, or what a foolish question you ask.” The learned prelate, one may easily suppose, would not have hesitated to call a fine lady *fool* to her face: Benedick, it is to be hoped, had rather more politeness. The phrase occurs frequently in Shakspeare, and means no more than—you ask a question, or that is the question.

p. 367.

Song. *Pardon goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,*

Knight does not mean either *follower* or *pupil*, as dr. Johnson says it does. The lady being a virgin, and her name *Hero*, she is metonymically called one of *Dianas knights*; and what occasion was there for a note upon this?

LOVES

LOVES LABOUR LOST.

p. 387.

Cost. The manner of it is, he was taken *with the manner*.

Biron. In what manner.

Cost. In manner and form following.

Dr. Warburtons note certainly proves the necessity of reading *in the manner*. *With the manner*, though undoubtedly the law phrase and often made use of, is mere nonsense.

p. 391.

Arm. Why, fadness is one and the self-same thing, dear *imp*.

This is spoken to his boy or page. Dr. Johnson observes that *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, he says, in his last letter to Hen. VIII. prays *for the imp his son*. And what does that prove? The word literally means a *graff*, *slip*, *scion* or *sucker*: and, by metonymy, comes to be used for a boy or child. *The imp his son* is no more than *his infant son*. It is now set apart to signify *young fiends*; as, “*the devil and his imps*.”

P. 397.

Jaq. Fair weather after you.

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta away.

“*Maid. Fair weather after you. Come Jaquenetta away*”] Thus all the printed copies: but the editors have been guilty of much inadvertence. They make Jaquenetta and a maid enter; whereas Jaquenetta is the onely maid intended by the poet, and is committed to....Dull, to be conveyed.... to the lodge in the park. This being the case, it is evident to demonstration, that—*Fair weather after you*—must be spoken by Jaquenetta; and then that Dull says to her,

F 2

Come

Come, Jaquenetta, away, as I have regulated the text.
THEOBALD."

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured here to dignify his own industry by a very slight performance. The *folios* ALL read as he reads, except that instead of naming the persons they give their characters, enter *Clown, Constable, and Wench.* JOHNSON."

There was no great occasion for this evidence to prove the last learned commentator very little acquainted with the editions of which he speaks with so much familiarity and confidence. The assertion in the note is untrue: NONE of the folios read as Theobald does: in the first of them the passage stands thus:

Maid. Fair weather after you!

Clo. [*i. e.* Clown, *Costard*, not *Constable*.] Come Jaquenetta away.

In the second and subsequent folios, thus:

Maid. Fair weather after you.

Come Jaquenetta away.

Mr. Theobald does not appear to have inspected the first folio: dr. Johnson has, evidently, looked neither into that nor into any of the rest.

P. 417.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my *incony* Jew!

Incony or *kony*, as dr. Warburton says, in the North, signifies fine, delicate, as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. He would therefor read *my incony jewel*. But the truth is, that there is no such expression in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which dr. Warburtons mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations, none of which is *fine, delicate,*

licate, or applicable to a thing of value. Dr. Johnsons quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment.

P. 444.

Hol.—*Trip and go*, my sweet.

These words are certainly part of an old popular song. There is an ancient musical medley beginning *Trip and go, hey!*

P. 457.

King. My love, her mistress, is a gracious *moon*;
She an attending *star*, scarce seen a light.

“Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

— *Ye stars, the train of night,*
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light.
Ye common people of the skies,
What are ye when the *sun* shall rise? JOHNSON.”

The passage is certainly worth quoting, but one may venture to doubt whether the poetical reader will easily pardon the insertion of it in the inaccurate and corrupted state in which the learned critic has been pleased to give it. For let us read what sir Henry himself says?

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light:
You common people of the skies,
What are ye when the *moon* shall rise?

Pageant.

p. 503.

Pageant *of the Nine Worthies.*] This sort of procession was the usual recreation of our ancestors at Christmas, and other festive seasons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and composed by ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing, at least with the view of preservation, and are, of course, rarely discovered in the researches of even the most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the speeches in this scene, which were intended to burlesque them) ever appeared in print. The curious reader will not, therefore, be displeased to see a genuine specimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama from an original manuscript of Edward the Fourth's time. (MSS. Tanner. 407.)

ix. Wurthy.

Ector de troye.	Thow achylles in bataly me slow Of my wurthynes men speken J now.
Alifander.	And in romaunce often am J leyt As conquerour gret thow J feyt.
Julius Cesar.	Thow my cenatoures me slow in collory Fele londes by fore by conquest wan J.
Josue.	In holy Chyrche ze mowen here & rede Of my wurthynes and of my dede.
Davit.	Afyr y ^t slayn was golyas By me the sawter than made was.
Judas macabews.	Of my wurthyneffe zyf ze wyll wete Seche the byble for ther it is wrete.
Arthour.	The round tabyll J sette w ^t knyghtes strong Zyt shall J come azen thow it be long.
Charles.	With me dwellyd rouland olyvere In all my Conquest fer and nere.

Godefrey

Godefrey de Bo- } And J was Kyng of Jherusalem
leyn. } The crowne of thorn J wan fro hem.

In another part of the same MS. are preserved different speeches, for three of these worthies, which have most probably, belonged to a distinct pageant.

Arto.²

Lo Kyng Arto² ful manly and ful wyfe
Whan he slow gurnard & alle his cheff ches
ccc was slayne as J vnderstonde
And yet is he levand in a nother londe.

Charlys.

Charlys the cheeff of Romannys and empor
Kyng of paynemmys and conquerour
iij. relekys he browte into frauns
for ihūs love sufferyd penanns

Davyd.

I am Kyng Davyd that in my lyff
L V maydenys & wyffys J had at my wylle
And afterward whan golyas was styntyd of
stryff
I made the sawter my mercy to full fyll.

Sometimes, it should seem, that these things were in a more dramatic form (*i. e.* dialogue-wise); and, indeed, it is here that we must look for the true *Origin of the English stage*. Behold a champion, who gives a universal defiance: (MSS. Harl. 1197. very old.)

I ame a knigh[t]e
And menes to fight
And armet well ame I
Lo here I stand
With fwerd ine hand
My manhoud for to try.

The

The challenge is instantly accepted :

Thow marciall wite
That menes to fight
And fete vppon me so
Lo heare J stand
With fwrđ in hand
To dubbelle eurey bloue.

Here would necessarily ensue a combat with the backsword or cudgel, to the great entertainment, as well as instruction of the applauding croud. Possibly it served to conclude the pageant instead of an epilogue, and not improperly. Such exhibitions, however rude and simple they may appear to the more refined taste of the present age, were admirably adapted to that warlike and manly spirit in our uncultivated ancestors, which procured them the glories of conquest abroad, and the blessings of freedom at home.

p. 480.

Boy. They ————— are *apparel'd thus,*
Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*.

“ The settling commerce in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion ; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written : so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. *WARBURTON.*”

All this may be very true, but the learned commentator might have discovered that a mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our authors time. In the first year of king Henry the eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament chamber at Westminster, “ came the lorde Henry, Erle of Wiltshire,
and

and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yelowē fatin, trauarfed with white fatin, and in euery ben of white, was a bend of crimosen fatin after the fashiō of Ruffia or Ruflande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them hauyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned vp." Hall. Hen. VIII. fo. 6, b. This extract may ferve to convey an idea of the drefs used, upon the present occafion, by the king and his lords, at the performance of the play.

P. 523.

Dr. Warburtons note upon the old Romances.] The learned prelate has received fuch a complete drefling, from the hand of a master, in the *Supplement*, that there is neither occafion nor opportunity for any further remark. At the foot of this page, however, there is a note, by the celebrated dr. Percy, which feems to deferve fome little attention; and the more fo, as it is countenanced by the very ingenious gentleman alluded to, who has either not been aware of its fallacy, or, from private motives, forbore to expofe it.

Dr. Warburton," fays this redoubted critic, "is quite miftaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanifh language." So that, from his thus recurring to etymology, he clearly appears to be not a whit better acquainted with the history than dr. Warburton was. "The old romance," continues he, "of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spanifh, "Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Caftilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, "Hiftoire d'Olivier de Caftille, & Artus d'Algarbe fon loyal compaignon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre,

gleterre, &c. tranflatée du Latin, par Phil. Camus, in fol. Gothique."

From so much seeming knowlege, from the annotators great credit, and from his very confident assertions, who would be foreward to suspect his ignorance, or doubt his veracity? But it is even so; he knows no more of the history which he quotes with so much parade, than bishop Warburton knew of Amadis or Palmerin; with *either of which* the story of *Oliver the Paladin* has just as much connection as it has with the history of *Oliver of Castile and Arthur of Algarbe*. With respect to the above French and Spanish titles, they are literally transcribed from Fresnoy. And so much for *dr. Percys* acquaintance with old romances.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

p. 26.

Puck. A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king,
She never had so sweet a *changeling*.

Changeling, says *dr. Johnson*, is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away.

And it is *here* properly used, and in its *common acceptation*; that is, for the *child got in exchange*. *Dr. Johnson* will recollect that a *Fairy* is now speaking.

p. 30.

Puck. The *wisest aunt* telling the saddest tale,
Some time for three-foot stool mistaketh me.

Aunt,

Aunt, Mr. Steevens says, is a *procuress*, and the *wisest aunt*, adds he, may mean the most *sentimental bawd*.

But this conjecture is much too wanton, and injurious to the word *aunt*, which, in this place at least, certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*.

P. 35.

Ob. The *human mortals* want their winter here.

Shakspeare, says Mr. Steevens, might have employed this epithet (*human mortals*), which, at first, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. Fairies, adds he, were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*. This however does not by any means appear to have been the case. Oberon, Titania, and Puck never dye; the inferior agents must necessarily be supposed to enjoy the same privilege; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldest woman in England never heard of the death of a Fairy. *Human mortals* is, notwithstanding, evidently put in opposition to *Fairies*, who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *spirits*. Puck in a subsequent scene says,

Lord, what fools these *mortals* be.

p. 68.

Puck. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren fort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my *minnock* comes.

Minnock, Dr. Johnson says, is the reading of the old quarto, and, he believes, right. *Minnekin*, adds he, now

minx, is a *nice trifling girl*! The folio, according to Mr. Steevens, reads *mimmick*; perhaps for *mimick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the 4tos, for the other reads *minnick*. After all *minnock*, *mimmick*, and *minnick*, are onely, perhaps, misprints for *mammock*, which comes nearly to the same letters, and signifies a *huge misshapen thing*; and is very properly applyed by a Fairy to a clumsy over-grown clown. *Minnekin* is evidently a corruption of *mannekin* or *manikin*, properly *mankin* (4), a little man. Dr. Johnson is so very imperfectly acquainted with the nature and derivation of the English language (and, in that respect, his dictionary, how valuable soever it may be on account of the explanation and use of English words, is beneath contempt; there being scarcely ten words properly deduced in the whole work), that it is no wonder to find him making *minnekin* and *minx* the same word. But *minnekin* does *not* mean a *nice trifling girl*: and, though a substantive, is oftener used adjectively than otherwise: so in *Midas* (not John Lylyes): “*My minikin miss* (5).” The smallest sized pins are likewise called *minnekin* or *minikin pins*. So Jerry Sneak, citizen and pin-maker, in the *Mayor of Garrat*:—“*as if I had been seeking for one of my own minikins* (6).” As *mankin* got changed into *minnekin*, a little man, so they formed *minnekiness* a little woman, a girl; which has since, by corruption, become *minx*. Thus *Laddefs* (*Ladefs*), from *Lad*, has, by a similar progress, become *Lafs*.

p. 69.

Puck. And at our *stamp* here o’er and o’er one falls.

Dr. Johnson labours hard to prove this to be a vicious reading: “Fairies, says he, are never represented stamp-

(4) MANNIKEN. *f*[*man* and *klein*, German.] JOHNSONS DICTIONARY!!!

(5) MINIKIN. *a* small; diminutive. *Shakespeare*. *IBI*.

(6) MINIKIN. *a* small sort of pins. *IBI*.

ing,

ing, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of such from those of their own companions." He, therefor, reads:

And at a *stump* here o'er and o'er one falls,

To prove, however, that Fairies *could stamp*, Mr. Steevens produces a passage from Olaus Wormius. He need not have gone so much out of his way: honest Reginald Scot could have informed him, that our "grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before 'Incubus' and his coufine Robin good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and....that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good-wife of the house, hauing compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him, beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith; What haue we here? Hemton hamten, here will I neuer more tread nor *stampen*." *Discouerie of witchcraft*. 1584. p. 85.

p. 70.

Her. If thou hast slain Lyfander in his sleep,
Being *o'er shoes* in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

"An allusion to the proverb, *over shoes, over boots*. JOHNSON."

"Excellent i'faith! Why this is the best fooling after all!"

p. 78.

Hel. We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our *neelds* created both one flower.

All the old editions, it seems, read *needles*. But Mr. Steevens has altered it to *neelds*, as, he says, "it was probably written by Shakspeare."

The

The learned critic has made the same innovation in another place, and quoted this very passage, *as genuine*, to justify the change: and yet, where the word *candlesticks* was a syllable too much, and the old editions read *cansticks*, which rendered the measure perfect, and was supported by the authority of many ancient authors, he has continued *candlesticks* in the text!

Puck. *Ho, ho, ho!* coward, why comest thou not?

It may be remarked that this exclamation is peculiar to Puck. In the old song, printed by Peck, in which he relates all his gambols, he concludes every verse with *Ho, ho, ho!* He here forgets his assumed character.

p. 100.

Hel. So me thinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel

Mine own, and not mine own.

Instead of *jewel*, dr. Warburton would read *gemel*, a *twin*; which dr. Johnson calls an ingenious emendation that deserves to be true. But dr. Warburton is in evident confusion about the passage. He makes Helena compare her lover to something which had the property of appearing one thing when it was another: not the property sure, he cries, of a jewel! In reality, however, Helena makes no such comparison, and the learned critic wilfully misstates her words to found his *ingenious emendation* (as every foolish and impertinent proposal is, by the courtesy of editors, intitled): She says that *she has found Demetrius, as a person finds a jewel, or thing of great value, in which his property is so precarious as to make it uncertain whether it belongs to him or not.*

Bot.

p. 101.

Bot.—I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream :
—and I will sing it in the latter end of *a play*, before the duke :
Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it *at her death*.

Instead of *a play*, we should certainly read *the play* (i. e. that which they were about to perform). *At her death* is very judiciously corrected by mr. Theobald to *after death* ; and so should have been here printed.

p. 105.

The. — Call *Philstrate*.

In the folio, 1623, says mr. Steevens, it is—Call *Egeus*, and *all* the speeches spoken by *Philstrate*, are there given to that character. If the ingenious commentator will take the trouble to look into either folio, at the speech beginning,

No, my noble lord,

It is not for you,

he will find that *all* the speeches here spoken by *Philstrate* are *not* there given to *Egeus*.

p. 107. n.

Mr. Steevens is, certainly, mistaken in assigning Spencers death to Dublin. He dyed in *King-street, Westminster*, and was buried in Westminster-abbey.

p. 110.

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, &c. There is an old pamphlet, containing the history of this amorous pair, in lamentable verse, by one Dunstan Gale, which appears to have been printed in 1596 ; and may, not improbably, be found the butt of Shakspeares ridicule in some parts of this interlude.

Lion.

p. 116.

Lion. Then know, that I, *as* Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, *nor else* no lions dam.

The folio reads :

Then know that I *one* Snug the joiner am
A lion fell nor else no lions dam.

This (*i. e.* *A lion fell*), says mr. Steevens, not agreeing with the remainder of the speech, the modern editors have altered it into—*no lion fell*. Had they, continues he, consulted the quarto, 1600, it would have set them right.

Then know that I, *as* Snug the joyner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lyons dam.

A reading which this ingenious gentleman has accordingly adopted. It is, nevertheless, certainly wrong, and that of the folio is certainly right.

At the rehearsal of the play, lest “the ladies should be afear’d of the lion,” being, as Bottom observes, “the most fearful wild fowl living,” it was settled, that there should be a prologue to tell, that Snug, who was to perform this terrible part, was *not* a lion; his name was, likewise, to be named, and half his face seen through the lions neck; through which he was, moreover, to speak, “saying thus, or to this defect,—Ladies, &c. If you think I come hither *as a lion*, it were pity of my life: no, I am *no such thing*; *I am a man as other men are* :”—and there, indeed, he was “to name his name; and tell them plainly he ‘was’ Snug the joiner.” This prologue he is now delivering; but the passage must be read and pointed thus; the sense and meaning being strangely misconceived and misrepresented by the present editors:

Then know, that I one Snug the joiner am;
A lion fell nor else no lions dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, ’twere pity of my life.

That is, I am neither *lion* nor *lioneſs*, I am *Snug the joiner*. The text makes him declare that he *is* a lion, or comes *as* a lion, which is utterly inconfiſtent with the reſt of his ſpeech; defeats the very end and deſign of his prologue; and would have been enough (“God ſhield us!”) to ſcare the ladies out of their wits. The uſe of the ſing’le negative with a double aſpect is common with our author and other ancient writers. Thus Fletcher, in his animated apoſtrophe to the memory of Spenſer:

O may that man that hath the Muſes ſcorn’d,
Alive *nor* dead be ever of a Muſe adorn’d (7):

The concluſion is, that “the modern editors,” who read *no*, were perfectly right, in point of conſtruction, though the alteration was unneceſſary and improper.

Ibi.

Dem. He dares not go there [*i. e.* into the lantern] for you ſee it is already in *ſnuff*.

Snuff, ſays dr. Johnſon, ſignifies both the *cinder* of a candle, and haſty anger.

So, in a *Voyage to the Weſtern Iſlands*:

“The *hedges* near Montroſe are of *ſtone*.

So, likewise, in a note upon the *First part of Hen. IV.*

“The cuckows *chicken*.”

(7) Inſtead of *ever*, a late editor of Spenſer, not ſo intimate, perhaps, with the language of his author, and his contemporaries, as he ought to have been, propoſes to read *never*.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

p. 149.

Sby. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my *ufances*.

Use and *ufance*, mr. Steevens says, are both words anciently employed for *usury*. And, to justify the explanation, he quotes the two following passages from an old play :

Give me my *use*, give me my principal.
A toy ; the main about five hundred pounds,
And the *use* fifty.

But, after all, is he not mistaken ? *Use* and *ufance* mean nothing more than *interest*. And the former word is still used by country people in the same sense. His own authorities prove this to be the ancient meaning. *Give me my interest, give me my principal. The main (i. e. the principal) five hundred pounds, and the use fifty ; i. e. interest at ten per cent, the legal rate in Shakspeares time : when, perhaps, the word usury itself had a much more innocent meaning than has been since annexed to it. In the old song of Neptunes raging fury, or the gallant seamans sufferings, it signifies onely a scrivener :*

The lawyer and the *usurer*,
That fits in gowns of fur, &c.

p. 150.

Antho.—For when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend.

The

The quartos (mr. Steevens says) read—a breed *of*—the folio—a breed *for*.—The ingenious commentator has not, it seems, paid his usual attention to the folios,—both which assuredly read *of*.

p. 159.

Laun. *I am Launcelot*, your boy that was, your son that is, and your child that shall be.

The distinction between *boy* and *son*, dr. Johnson sagaciously remarks, is obvious, but *child*, adds he, seems to have had some meaning which is now lost. Mr. Steevens supposes that, by *your child that shall be*, he means that his duty to his father should in future shew him to be his child. There is not the least difficulty in the passage. Launcelot is talking nonsense, or, as the vulgar have it, putting the cart before the horse; but whether designedly or not is left to the contemplation of the critics. He means, however, to say, *I was your chi'd, I am your boy, and shall ever be your son*.

p. 167.

Sby. ——— thou shalt not *gormandize*
As thou hast done with me.

“ The word [*gormandize*] is very ancient, and took its rise from a Danish king. The Danes, towards the latter end of the ninth century, were defeated by king Alfred at Edendon in Wiltshire; and as an article of peace, Guthrum their king, commonly called Gurmond, submitted to be baptized, king Alfred being his godfather, who gave him the name of Athelstan, and took him for his adopted

H 2

son.

son. During the stay of the Danes in Wiltshire, "they consumed their time in profuseness, and belly-cheer, in idleness and sloth. Infomuch, that as from their laziness in general, we, even to this day, call them *Lur-Danes*; so from the licentiousness of Gurmond, and his army in particular, we brand all luxurious and profuse people, by the name of *Gurmondizers*." And this luxury, and this laziness, are the sole monuments, the only memorials by which the Danes have made themselves notorious to posterity, by being encamped in Wiltshire. Vide, *A Vindication of Stone-Heng restored*, by John Webb, esq. p. 227. Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*, act I.

"That great *Gourmond*, fat Apicius.

G."

After such a pompous display of learning, so strangely introduced into the margin of Shakspeare, how will this mr. G. (who has certainly shewed, if not judgement, at least prudence, in concealing his name) be surpris'd to hear that there is not a single jot either of sense or of truth from the beginning to the end of his laborious dissertation! *Gourmand*, a glutton, and *Gourmandise*, gluttony, whence Jonson's *Gourmond*, and our *gormandize* are immediately taken, are common French words to be found in every dictionary; and *Lurdane*, properly *lourden*, is derived from *lourdin*, or *salourdin*, a word of the same signification, in the same language, equally common. Either *Gourmond* or *Lurdane*, therefor, has no more (possibly, much less) connection with the ancient Danes, than it has with this same mr. G. the fructur of the above ingenious, but, alas! too easily demolished fabric.

p. 183.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

"Would

“ Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa*? **TYRWHITT.**”

No; very impertinent, in the presence of her lady.

P. 293.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sala. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross *thy* prayer.

All the old copies read *my* prayer; but, says Warburton, the prayer was *Salanios*. The other onely, as clerk, says *amen* to it; he therefor changed it to *thy* prayer. The old reading, however, may be very right: Is not *amen* a prayer?

P. 207.

Por. I could not *do* with all.

“ For the sense of the word *do* in this place, see a note on *Measure for Measure*, act I. **COLLINS.**”

The conversation of even the highest ranks, was not, perhaps, in Shakspeare's time, over and above remarkable for its delicacy. But does the (*real*) commentator believe that a lady of Portias good sense, high station, and elegant manners, could *speak* (or even *think*) *so grossly*? It is impossible!

This observation, and others of the like nature, from the same hand, are, however, as the reader will perceive, strictly within the canon.

“ He (*i. e.* the professed critic) may find out a bawdy, or immoral meaning in his author, where there does not appear to be any hint that way.” **Canon XII.**

P. 214.

Sby. And others, when the bagpipe sings i'the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affections,

Masters

Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.

The reading of all the old editions is ;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i'th' nose,

Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.

Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood

Of what it likes or loaths.

Which is, surely, defensible, though our candid editors have not been pleased to notice it. The meaning is that *some men when they hear the sound of a bagpipe are so affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine. For those things which are masters over passion, make it like or loath whatever they will.*

If *sways* be objected to, it may be easily altered to *sway*. But there are above fifty instances in Shakspeare, where a verb of the singular number is made to agree with a noun of the plural.

p. 216.

[*Shy.* Why he a *woollen bagpipe*.

It is not unusual to see the large skin or bladder of a bagpipe covered with *flannel*; and, it is possible that Shakspeare onely used the word as a descriptive epithet.

Dr. Johnson supposes he wrote *wooden*;—fir John Hawkins *swelling* or *swollen*. But any meaning is preferable to such arbitrary violations of the text.

p. 228.

Por. Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee.

Where, or by whom, is any such offer made? Bassanio, indeed, in answer to Portias question, if *Anthonio* were not able to discharge the money, says,

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;

Yea twice the sum.

But nobody offers *thrice the money*. Either Portia mistook Bassanio's proposal, or this is one of those inaccuracies of the text which are now irremediable.

p. 228.

Duke. For half thy wealth it is Anthonios ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
I am content ; *so he will let me have*
The other half in use, — to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.

The terms proposed, says dr. Johnson, have been misunderstood. Anthonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jews life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my death.

How others have misunderstood Anthonios terms, does not by this edition appear, and it might be policy in dr. Johnson to suppress the account, for it is very clear that they are *not* understood by HIM. Anthonio tells the duke, that, if he will abate the fine for the states half, he (Anthonio) will be contented to take the other, *in trust*, after Shylocks death, to render it to his daughters husband. That is, it was, during Shylocks life, to remain *at interest* in Anthonios hands, and *Shylock* was to enjoy the *produce of it*. The present reading is perfectly right, clear, and intelligible.

And

And these trifling mistakes might teach even the greatest critic some little diffidence upon similar occasions.

p. 234.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning, *sweet soul.* [Exit.

Lor. Let's in, and there expect his coming.

These two words, Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, should certainly be taken from the end of Launcelots speech, and placed at the beginning of the following speech of Lorenzo. An excellent and happy remark. No alteration was ever more necessary, or more obvious. The *two syllables* thus misplaced, and which are utterly absurd and insensible as they stand, are just wanting to make up the metre of the first line of Lorenzos speech. The emendation is therefore unpardonably neglected.

p. 256.

P. 111. *The Merchant of Venice.*]—"A ballad is still remaining on the subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, which by the date appears to be much older than Shakspeares time. It is remarkable that all the particulars in which that play differs from the story in *Bandello*, are found in this *ballad*."

Where is this same ballad to be found? Or who ever saw it? The information is—MR. WARTONS!

AS YOU LIKE IT.

p. 263.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me: by will, but a poor thousand ducats; and as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well.

Dr. War-

Dr. Warburton would substitute *my father* in the place of *fashion*. Dr. Johnson allows that the nominative *my father* is left out, but says it is so left out that the auditor inserts it in spite of himself. An auditor understanding the intent of a speech will not, however, supply the defects of its grammatical construction. There is no necessity for omitting the word *fashion*, but either *my father*, or (which is perhaps much better) the pronoun *he* should be inserted between *fashion* and *bequeathed*. The passage ought, therefore, to be read and pointed thus: As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion he bequeathed me, by will, but a poor thousand ducats, &c. The reader will perceive that it is only the sequel of a conversation which has commenced before the play.

p. 274.

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said, that was *laid on with a trowel*.

Laid on with a trowel, Dr. Johnson supposes to mean, "too heavy a mass of big words, laid upon a slight subject." But Mr. Steevens will have it to be a "proverbial expression, generally used to signify a *glaring falsehood*." The doctor is not right, and the gentleman palpably wrong. It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgement or design. So, in *Tony Lumpkin in Town*, 1780.

"Tim, that was a *dash with the pound brush*."

p. 270.

Oli. Yet he's gentle;—of all *sorts* enchantingly beloved.

Sorts, in this place, means ranks and degrees of men.

I

Aud.

p. 336.

Aud. Well, I am not *fair*; and therefore I pray the gods make me *honest*.

Clo. Truly, and to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut*, were to put meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a *slut*, though I thank the gods for my *foulness*.

Clo. Well, praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, *sluttishness* may come hereafter.

By *foul*, says Hammer, is meant *coy* or *frowning*. Mr. Tyrwhitt rather believes it to be the rustic pronunciation of *full*, as if she thanked the gods for a *belly-full*.

Audrey says she is not *fair* (i. e. *handsome*), and therefor prays the gods to make her *honest*. The clown tells her that to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut* (i. e. an *ill favoured, dirty creature*) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no *slut* (no *dirty drab*), though, in her great simplicity, she thanks the gods for her *foulness* (homeliness); i. e. for being as she is. Well, adds he, praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, *sluttishness* may come hereafter. Where can be the difficulty?

p. 361.

Res. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock, and here's *much* Orlando.

Thus, says Mr. Steevens, the old copy. The modern editors, adds he, read, but without the least authority:

I wonder much, Orlando is not here.

This is sense, however, which the old and present reading is not, though there was no necessity for so great an alteration to make it so. One might propose the following:

Is it not past two o'clock? and here's *no* Orlando.

Clo.

p. 378.

Clo. We found our quarrel was upon the *seventh cause*.

So, says dr. Johnson, all the copies; but it is apparent, adds he, from the sequel, that we must read, *the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause*.

The propriety of this remark is very doubtfull. Jaques, a few speeches after, asks the clown, How he and his antagonist found the quarrel was upon the *seventh cause*. The clown says, upon a *lye seven times remov'd*; and thus explains it: 1. His dislike of the courtiers beard. 2. The courtiers *retort courteous*. 3. The *quip modest*. 4. The *reply churlish*. 5. The *reproof valiant*. 6. The *countercheck quarrelsome*. 7. The *lye circumstantial*. This may indeed be called the *seventh cause*, but it certainly is not a *lye, seven times removed*. Touchstone is rather inaccurate in his calculations, but dr. Johnsons proposal seems inadmissible. After all, it is not easy to conceive, how either the *lye circumstantial*, or the *lye direct* could be a greater affront than the *countercheck quarrelsome*, which was simply thus:—
YOU LYE!

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

p. 409.

Sly. Am not I Christopher Sly, old Slys son of *Burton-beath*; Ask *Marian Hacket* the *fat ale-wife* of *Wincot*, if she know me not, &c.

Mr. Steevens suspects that we should read *Barton-beath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, vulgarly *Woncot*, being both in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Justice Shallow. (The ingenious observer might have recollected *William Visor*

of *Wincot*.) But the matter is fully cleared up by the celebrated mr. Warton, who positively assures us, that *Wincotte* is a village in Warwickshire, *with which Shakspeare was well acquainted*, near Stratford. That the house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. A stranger to the chronology of mr. Warton's life would be apt to conclude, from this satisfactory information, that Shakspeare and he had had many a merry meeting over a cup of our genial hostess's Warwickshire ale; or how should he suppose him to have come by such a perfect knowledge of the house, our authors intimate acquaintance with it, and the character of its mistress? *Burton Dorset* is a village in Warwickshire.

p. 421.

Hor. Sweet Bianca!—*Happy man be his dole!*

A proverbial expression, mr. Steevens tells us, *Dole* being any thing dealt out or distributed. But what sort of an explanation is this? The meaning is, let his *portion* or *lot* in life be that of a happy man.

p. 426.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruccio.

Surely the editors are sufficiently acquainted with Italian to know that this name should have been here printed *Petrucchio*. Or do they intend it to be pronounced *Petrucchio*?

p. 436.

Tra. Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters.

“This [last] speech, in the old copy, is given to *Tranio*.
STEEVENS.”

A mistake.

A mistake: both folios give it to *Biondello*; and make Tranio answer him thus:—*Even he Biondello*. The text, however, seems properly corrected.

p. 438.

Gru. O excellent motion! fellows let's be gone.

Gru. (*Grumio*) is here, perhaps by a misprint, put for *Gre.* (*Gremio*.)

p. 469.

Tra. But, fir, *our* love concerneth us to add
Her fathers *liking*.

The first folio, as mr. Tyrwhitt observes, reads;

But, fir, love, &c.

Which he thinks should be thus corrected:

But, fir, to her love, &c.

This, however, is scarce grammar or even common sense. The word *her* is alone sufficient, and is, most likely, Shakspeare's own.

p. 483.

Pet. Where is the life that late I led —

A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intitled *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inuentions*. Lon. 1578. 4to. is a song *To the Tune of Where is the life that late I led*.

p. 507.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; *expect* they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, &c.

“ I can

“ I can make no sense of *expect*. I rather believe this passage should be read thus :—I cannot tell; *except* thus much; they are busied, &c. TYRWHITT.”

The second folio confirms the propriety of this judicious emendation. The editors are perfectly inexcusable for their negligence in not consulting the old copies.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

p. 50.

Clo. As fit as *Tibs* rush for *Toms* forefinger.

It behoveth me here to remark that this abridged nominative, *Tib*, is, not as the great musical knight opineth, a contraction of *Tabitha*, but is the diminutive of *Isabel*. Moreover, the *forefinger* is not, as master Tollet conceiveth, the *thumb*, but that finger which is usually placed next or nearest thereunto. Meseemeth, likewise, that our author hath here one of those covert allusions, divers of which my singular good friend M. *Collins* and myself have heretofore noted, and shall, *Deo juvante*, persevere to remark in our future lucubrations. AMNER.

p. 102.

Dia. If I should swear by *Joves* great attributes.

“ In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jve's* or *Love's*, the characters being not distinguishable. JOHNSON.”

It is no wonder that the learned critic should not have been able to distinguish between an *I* and an *l*, where he could not perceive the variation of whole words, and even
lines

lines and speeches. No one beside himself, however, could possibly have had a doubt about the matter, the two characters being as clearly different in the old editions as they are any where else.

But this is not the onely instance in which the ingenious commentator could not determine whether the word were *love* or *fove*. He is at the same loss in *Troilus and Cressida*, (x. 87.) where the *l* is equally conspicuous.

p. 127.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows, &c.

Count. A scar nobly got,—is a good livery of honour.

The old editions give the latter speech to *Lafeu*; from whom it has been taken without either acknowledgement or necessity.

T W E L F T H N I G H T.

p. 160.

Mar. My lady *takes* great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her *except before excepted*.

This, says dr. Farmer, should probably be, *as before excepted*: a ludicrous use of the formal *law-phrase*. But the ingenious critic might have spared his remark, the *formal law-phrase* being more usually as in the text.

p. 185.

Vio. She made good view of me; indeed so much,
That, *sure*, methought her eyes had lost her tongue.

“ *Sure,*

“*Sure*, says mr. Steevens, has been added to complete the verse.” It is very true: it was added by Shakspeare.

p. 188.

Sir To. — a *stoup* of wine.

i. e. a *cup*. So in *Othello*.

“Come lieutenant, I have a *stoup* of wine. STEEVENS.

Compare the following passage, and note (*Hamlet*, x. 4.)

King. Set me the *stoups* of wine upon the table.

“A *stoup* is a *flaggon* or *bowl*. STEEVENS.”

This explanation may be right: *Cup* is certainly wrong.

p. 210.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your *horse* now would make him an *ass*.

Mar. *Ass* I doubt not.

Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks that the conceit given to sir Andrew, shews too quick an apprehension for him. He would therefore transfer it to sir Toby. But does the ingenious critic imagine it probable that *Maria* would call sir Toby an *ass*?

p. 216.

Sir To. Marry hang thee, *brock*.

A *brock* is certainly a badger; but Malvolio is not so called because he is likely to be *hunted* and persecuted like that animal (which, by the way, is *never hunted*). Neither is to *badger* a man, a phrase for making a fool of him. Sir Toby uses the word as a term of contempt, as if he had said, *hang thee, cur!*—*Out filth!* to stink like a *brock*, being proverbial. To *badger* a man is to be perpetually plaguing him: the badger, from that spirit of humanity so prevalent in the English vulgar, being always *baited to death*.

Sir

p. 211.

Sir To. —How now my *nettle* of India.

The old copy, mr. Steevens says, reads—*mettle of India*, which, he thinks, is probably the true reading. The change, he tells us, was made by mr. Rowe.

Nettle, however, as the learned commentator ought to have known, is the reading of the second folio, and is indisputably right.

p. 231.

Sir To. Challenge me the counts youth *to fight with him*.

This, mr. Tyrwhitt pronounces to be nonsense: he would have us read,—*challenge me the counts youth*; go, *fight with him*. But if any alteration be necessary, it should be thus:—*Challenge me the counts youth to fight with you*. The text, however, is neither nonsensical, nor difficult.

p. 247.

Sir To. Why man he's a very devil; I have not seen such a *virago*.

The word *virago* is certainly inapplicable to a man, a blustering hectoring fellow, as Sir Toby means to represent Viola; for he cannot possibly entertain any suspicion of her sex: but it is no otherwise so, than *Rounceval* is to a woman, meaning a terrible fighting blade; from Ronceval, or Roncesvalles, the famous scene of that fabulous combat with the Saracens,

When Charlemagne and all his Peerage fell,
By Fontarabia.

p. 249.

Sir To. Nay if you be an *undertaker*, I am for you.

This, mr. Tyrwhitt believes a *touch upon the times*, in allusion to certain persons who in the reign of king James

K

the

the first, *undertook* to carry all the government measures smoothly through parliament. But what has Antonio said or done that Sir Toby should take *him* for a *busy member of the house of commons*? He only means to tell him that if he be an undertaker of, or intermeddler in other peoples quarrels, he (Sir Toby) is ready to take him up.

p. 261.

Clo. What say you, fir? I am *shent* for speaking to you.

Shent, i. e. rated, scolded, abused. The two instances adduced by Mr. Steevens give it a meaning quite foreign to the text.

p. 240.

Sir Toby. Ay, *biddy*, come with me.

This seems to be a scrap of some old song, and should be printed as such. Did the editors understand it, that they have given us no annotation upon it? *Biddy* is the diminutive of *Bridget*.

p. 241.

Sir To. — we will.....crown thee for a *finder of madmen*.

Dr. Johnson thinks this phrase an allusion to *witch-finders*. But Mr. Steevens pronounces it, a satire on those *coroners* who so often bring in self-murder, lunacy, to which title, he says, many other offences have to the full as just pretensions. The observation is, however, scarcely pertinent, as it is not the *officer*, but the *inquest* that makes the return. And, perhaps, while such inhuman, such diabolical laws as the brutality of the most barbarous ages has annexed to the commission of the above act, continue to disgrace the judicial system of this country, even *perjury itself* becomes a virtue.

virtue. *Finders of madmen* are those who formerly acted under the writ *De Lunatico inquirendo*.

p. 246.

Sir To. — *meddle* you must, that's certain.

Meddle, mr. Steevens explains, *mix*; but it means to interfere, have to do with, concern ones self, &c. as before explained.

p. 267.

Clo. The bells of *St. Bennet*.

What necessity is there for accusing Shakspeare of any impropriety in this place. There must have been churches in Illyria, and how does dr. Johnson know that none of them was dedicated to St. Bennet?

p. 278.

Oli. A most *extracting* frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

i. e. says dr. Warburton, a frenzy that *drew me away* from every thing but its own object. But mr. Malone, ever studious to preserve his authors text, till some example is produced of the word being used in the above sense, should wish to read *distracting*, which he very modestly conjectures to have been the original word. If dr. Warburton had considered his explanation a single moment, he would undoubtedly have given it right, *i. e.* a frenzy that *drew* every object but one *out* of my memory.

Ibid.

Clo. An your ladyship will have it [*i. e.* Malvolios letter] as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

K 2

“ I am

“ I am by no means certain,” says mr. Steevens, “ that I understand this passage.” The learned editors diffidence must, therefor, apologise for his having mistaken it: the meaning is, nevertheless, very simple.

If your ladyship, says the Clown, will have this letter read as it should be, you must allow me the full and proper use of my *voice*. She had just checked him for bawling too loud, which he tells her is the right method of reading a madmans letter.

W I N T E R S T A L E.

p. 305.

Leo. ——— lower mesfes

Perchance are to this business purblind.

Mefs, says dr. Johnson, is a contraction of *master*, as *Mefs* John, master John; an appellation used by the Scots, to those who have taken their academical degree. *Lower mesfes*, therefor, adds he, are graduates of a lower form. Mr. Steevens, however, believes that *lower mesfes* is onely used to signify the lowest [lower] degrees about the court. A conjecture in which he seems to be as right, as dr. Johnson is certainly wrong: the word *mesf*, as *Mefs* John, neither being any contraction of *master*, nor having the remotest allusion to academical degrees. It is merely the Scottish pronunciation of *Mass*, and is only applied, in vulgar language, to the *priest* or *minister*.

p. 311.

Cam. I have lov'd thee —

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot.

Nothing.

Nothing can be more obvious than that the words here put into the mouth of Camillo really belong to Leontes, whom he neither does nor could address with so much familiarity. But we are under no necessity to agree with mr. Tyrwhitt that they would come in more properly after *rot*. If the measure be thought to need emendation, it would be less violence to adopt that proposed by mr. Theobald.

p. 326.

Ant. I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and *some five*.

“ This,” says dr. Johnson, “ is mr. Theobalds correction ; the former editions read *sans five*.”

If the critic mean to say onely that some editions prior to Theobalds read *sans*, the assertion may probably be true ; but if his note imply that Theobald first introduced the word *some*, nothing can be less so : it is the reading of the first folio, and the second does not read *sans*.

The speaker tells us that one of his daughters was eleven, the second nine, and the third *about five*.

P. 345.

Leo. I ne’er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

“ It is apparent,” dr. Johnson says, “ that according to the proper, at least according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*.”

It is a pity that the learned critic should not better understand the language upon which he professes to comment. There is not the slightest difficulty or impropriety in the passage. I never heard, says Leontes, that any of
these

these greater offenders wanted (*i. e.* were deficient in) less impudence to deny their crime than to commit it. You, therefor, he means to tell the queen, who have had sufficient impudence to do what I charge you with, can be at no loss for impudence to deny it.

P. 375.

Flo. — the gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them; — their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor *in a way* so chaste.

In what way? We should certainly read (in the margin at least):

Nor *any way* so chaste.

p. 381.

Flo. Your hand my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

For whom or what? This is sheer nonsense. And dr. Johnson, by giving the line to Polixenes, rather increases the absurdity than lessens it. We should, doubtless, read thus:

I'll swear for *one*.

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is absolutely necessary. This seems the easiest; and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character.

P. 394.

Shp. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd,
let them come in.

Here a dance of twelve satyrs.

Pol.

Pol. [*Aside.*] O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

This, says dr. Warburton, is replied by the king in answer to the shepherds saying *since these good men are pleased.*

This is very unlikely. The dance, which has intervened, would take up too much time to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line spoken by the king seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old shepherd, and should not be uttered *aside.*

M A C B E T H.

P. 473.

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—

The crown of Scotland, mr. Steevens observes, was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life time of a king, (as was often the case) the title of *prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation.

The propriety of this note is not very apparent.

The crown of Scotland had been hereditary for ages before Duncan,—nay, from the very foundation of the Scottish monarchy. The *apparent* or *presumptive heir* was always the known and declared successor; as in England and every other hereditary government. The kings *eldest son*, or grandson (*i. e.* the heir apparent for the time being) alone was *prince of Cumberland*, as the king of Englands is prince of
Wales;

Wales; or the king of France's, the Dauphin. And it should seem, from the play, that Malcolm was the *first* who had this title.

P. 505.

Macb. — No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous *seas* incarnadine,
Making *the green—one red.*

Whoever was the author of this emendation, as it is called) (for mr. Sheridan has likewise taken the credit of it, *Lectures on Elocution*. 4to. p. 65.) ; it seems to have been adopted with too much haste, and without either necessity or advantage. The old reading is much more in the manner of Shakspeare, and of course more likely to be the true one: especially if we read *sea*.

P. 523.

Mac. ——— There is none, but he,
Whose genius I do fear: and, *under him,*
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antonys was by Cæsar. He chid the fisters,
When, &c.

“ Though I would not often assume the critics privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that having so much learning as to discover to what Shakspeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the
authors

author's sense, by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly possessed with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakespeare close together without any traces of a break.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters. JOHNSON."

This note, Dr. Johnson tells us, was written before he was fully acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, and he does not now think it of so much weight: why did he then reprint it? because the words which he once thought interpolated by the players, he now thinks to have been interpolated by the author. But there never was surely such a number of words wasted to such an idle purpose. Whether Macbeth would have made use of the image is not the question: the words are as evidently Shakspeare's as any others in the play. And where was the necessity of so much *learning* to discover the allusion? The idea was perfectly familiar to him. He got it from the old translation of Plutarch, and has particularly dwelled upon it in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act II. scene iii.

P. 531.

Macb. — Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our *place* have sent to peace.

The old copy, according to Mr. Steevens, reads:

Whom we to gain our *peace* have sent to peace.

The change, he says, was made by Mr. Rowe. It is, however, the reading of the second folio.

L

Macb.

p. 532.

Macb. Ere ———

The *shard-borne beetle*, with his drowsy hum,
 Hath rung nights yawning peal, &c.

The *shard-born beetle* is, perhaps, the beetle *born* among *shards*, i. e. (not cows-dung, for that is only a secondary or metonymical signification of the word, and not even so, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and such like things which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is all the same) may have been supposed to do so.

Thus, in Hamlet, the priest says, of Ophelia,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

Would Mr. Tollet say that *cows-dung* was to be thrown into the grave? The spelling of *born* can have no weight any way. It is true, however, that *sharded beetle* seems scarcely reconcilable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens may be right, but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet, are certainly wrong.

P. 535.

Enter three murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
 Our offices and what we have to do
 To the direction just.

The meaning of this abrupt dialogue, Dr. Johnson observes, is this: the *perfect spy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers suborned,
 suspects

suspects him of intending to betray them ; the other observes, that, by his exact knowlege of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be mistrusted. A comment which there are few besides the learned author that would not have been ashamed to repeat.

In the preceding scene, Macbeth says to the two first murderers.

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
Acquaint you with *the* perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't.

i. e. the very time when you are to look out for him. But dr. Johnson has changed it to

A perfect spy o'the time,

and seems too confident or too careless to perceive the absurdity he introduces. For, if Macbeth had made the two first murderers acquainted with this *perfect spy* of dr. Johnson, and they had received their directions from him, how could the first murderer possibly ask him *who* bid him join them ?—O, but, says the learned critic, he suspects him of an intention to betray them. Betray them ! To whom ? To Banquo ? To be sure they had wonderful cause to be afraid of one whom the king himself had appointed them to kill !—The fact plainly is, that this additional or supernumerary villain is sent from Macbeth, by way of reinforcement, after the others had taken their stand. He has told them that he was acquainted with the design, but one of them, being unwilling, it should seem, to admit a third to participate in the reward, and therefor desirous to shuffle him off, very naturally asks, *who* bid *him* join them.

p. 575.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is *affcard*!

His (*i. e.* Macbeths) title is *affeer'd*, *i. e.* established or affirmed, since he whose duty and interest it is to endeavour to dethrone him refuses to join in the attempt. This kind of exclamation seems natural to Macduff; for, a little after, when Malcolm strives to comfort him on the slaughter of his wife and children, he breaks forth in the same manner:

He (8) has no children!—all my pretty ones?

p. 581.

Mal. 'Tis call'd the *evil*:
—strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, *he cures*,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly *gift of prophecy*, &c.

“It must be owned,” says dr. Warburton, “that Shakspeare is often guilty of some strange absurdities in point of history and chronology: yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to descend to the successors in the royal line in compliment to James the first. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to the gift: how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary? this he has solved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it.”

(8) *i. e.* Malcolm, and not Macbeth, as mr. Steevens supposes.

“The

“ The ingenious editor of the *Household Book of the Fifth Earle of Northumberland*, dr. Percy,” adds mr. Steevens, “ very acutely observes on the subject of cramp rings, “ that the miraculous gift of curing the *evil* was left to be claimed by the Stuarts ; our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the *cramp*.”

There may be a vast fund of *acuteness*, but there is not a tittle of *truth* or *knowledge* in this ingenious observation. It is so well known that not onely the *Tudor* family, but their predecessors, for many ages, exercised this real or imaginary power, that, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, who *touched* often, as any old history, and many other books, will inform us, one William Tooker, a learned divine, published a laborious Latin treatise upon the subject, in which he enumerates a number of *cures* performed by that princess, and others of our ancient English monarchs (9). With respect to dr. Warburton, one would be glad to know, how he became so certain that Edward the Confessor was the first who pretended to this gift. Shakspeare may be sometimes chargeable with great absurdities, but he rarely, if ever, commits such a one as his overlearned commentator would here force upon him. If *Edward the Confessor* had been the *first* English monarch possessed of this *hereditary faculty*, it must necessarily have *dyed with him*, for he not onely was a *usurper*, but *left no issue*. So that king James neither did, nor possibly could either *claim* or *get* it from *him*. And his real titles were too

(9) See much curious information on this subject in the reverend dr. Douglasses *Criterion, or Miracles examined*. London, 1757. p. 191, 2, 3, &c. Henry VII. and Edward I. are proved to have *touched* for the evil, by contemporary writers ; and the notion of such an inherent power in our kings appears, by indisputable authority, to have been as thoroughly established in the reign of Henry II. as it was in that of Charles II. or Queen Ann.

good,

good, and he was too well acquainted with them, to permit him to accept such a *compliment*; even if Shakspeare intended it, which he, undoubtedly, did not.

P. 583.

Rosse. ——— But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air
Where hearing should not *catch* them.

The folio, it seems, read *latch*, which appears to be the proper word, and certainly signifies *catch*. Thus in Piers Plowman, fo. 26.

As who so layeth lynes for to *latche* foules.

As mr. Steevens elsewhere tells us, that he made it his business to restore ancient readings, one might naturally have expected to see *latch* in the text.

P. 592.

Mach. ——— Then, fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the *English* epicures.

“It appears,” says mr. Steevens, in a note upon this passage, “from dr. Johnsons *Journey to the Western Island of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor *brogues*, till they were taught the arts of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet,” adds he, “king James VI. thought it necessary to form an act against superfluous banquetting.”

It is a pity that the ingenious commentator has omitted the very candid and liberal inference which the great traveler draws from the above circumstance of the *kail*, *i. e.* that, “when they had not *that*, they had *nothing*.”

But under the favour of this ingenious critic, it does *not* appear:—dr. Johnson, indeed, is pleased to *say so*, and they who would have believed him if he had given a relation

tion of his voyage into the moon, may, if they choose, believe this. It is very seldom that we find people teaching to others arts of which they are ignorant themselves, and yet this must have been the case with Cromwells soldiers; who were accustomed neither to eat kail, nor to wear brogues. The truth is, that both articles have, in all probability, been known to the Scottish ever since the country was inhabited. So that they may safely admit the truth of the above very candid travelers good-natured position.

Mr. Steevens seems to think it altogether needless to restrain luxury in diet, where people could get neither *kail* nor *brogues*; which, to be sure, are the very essence of a sumptuous feast.

p. 596.

Macb. And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the *foul* bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart!

Stuff'd, mr. Steevens tell us, is the reading of the old copy; but, for the sake of the *ear*, which must be *shocked* by the recurrence of so harsh a sound, he is *willing* to read *foul*; *foul* is accordingly read. And such is the method taken to preserve the authors genuine text. Alas! poor Shakspeare.

VOLUME

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

K I N G J O H N.

p. 5.

K. John. Be thou as *lightning* in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there;
The *thunder* of my cannon shall be heard.

“ This simile,” dr. Johnson observes, “ does not suit well: the lightning indeed,” adds he, “ appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent.” The allusion may, notwithstanding, be very proper so far as Shakspeare has applied it, *i. e.* merely to the *swiftness* of the *lightening*, and its *preceding* and *foretelling* the *thunder*. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be *innocent* in our authors time, as we, elsewhere, learn from himself. Thus in *King Lear*:

You sulphurous and thought executing fires
Vaunt couriers to *oak-rending thunder-bolts*.

Again, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

Some innocents scape not the *thunderbolt*.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

— I have walk'd about the streets,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the *thunder-stone*.

And still more decisively in *Measure for Measure*:

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous *bolt*
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled-oak,
Than the soft myrtle.

This

This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country.

p. 30.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Surely this should be *Beldam*, a word frequently used in this play.

p. 56.

Const. Thou wear a lions hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a *calfs skin* on thy recreant limbs.

It does not appear that Constance hereby means to call Austria *fool*, as sir John Hawkins would have it ; but she certainly means to call him *coward*, and to tell him that a *calfs skin* would suit his *recreant limbs* better than a *lions*. They still say of a dastardly person that he is a *calf-hearted* fellow, and a runaway school-boy is usually called a great *calf*.

p. 64.

Pand. For that, which thou hast sworn to *do amifs*,
Is't not amifs when it is *truly done* ?
And *being not done*, where *doing* tends to *ill*,
The truth is then *most done* not doing it.

For this nonsense the reader is indebted to dr. Johnsons *emendation* ; the old copies have it thus :

Is not amifs when it is truly done.

Which dr. Warburton calls the conclusion *de travers* : he therefor reads :

Is yet amifs.

Sir Thomas Hanmer :—*most amifs.*

M

But

But all these objections to, and proposed alterations of the old reading, arise entirely from its not being understood. If the reader will consider the passage a moment, he will perceive that it has sense and meaning,—is quite in the spirit of the cardinals quibbling logic,—and infinitely superior to any of these pretended emendations. Pandulf, having conjured the king to perform his first vow to heaven,—to be champion of the church,—tells him, that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him: for *that*, says he, which you have sworn to *do amiss*, is *not amiss* (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all); and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin to do it*, the *truth is most done* when you *do it not*.

So, in *Loves Labour Lost*:

It is *religion* to be *thus forsworn*.

There is no difficulty in this, but what the over busy critic chooses to make.

“It is strange that, when the sense is so clear, any commentator should thus laboriously obscure it, to introduce a new reading; and yet stranger that he should shew such confidence in his emendation as to insert it in the text. JOHNSON.”

The learned critic seems to think himself intitled to an exclusive privilege of corrupting the authors language (9).

Faulc.

(9) It is not with this writer alone that such injudicious freedoms have been taken. Beaumont and Fletcher are equally indebted to the sense and judgement of their friendly editors. One instance, out of some hundreds, may serve as a specimen. In the *Faithful Shepherdess*, Perigot, describing a delightful bank, says,

Here never durst the babbling cuckow spit;

Which

p. 70.

Fauls. *Bell, book, and candle*, shall not drive me back.

The curse by bell, book, and candle, is the solemn anathema pronounced by the priest at the time of Mass, the book being laid open before him, the candles lighted, and the sacring bell rung.

p. 80.

Pand. For he that steeps his safety in *true blood*
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue-

True blood, says dr. Johnson, is the blood of him that has the *just* claim. But the expression seems to mean no more than *innocent blood* in general.

p. 113.

Lewis.—John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine.

In a preceding scene, Pandu'ph tells Lewis, that, in case of Arthurs death, he,

‘ — in the right of lady Blanch his wife,
Might then make all the claim that Arthur did.’

Which last word the ingenious critic who unsettled the text in the late edition, *to spit* not being as he believed a property of the cuckow, very readily changed to *sit*. A variation, which, slight as it is, entirely destroys the harmony of the passage, and could onely have proceeded from a person equally ignorant of the authors language, and inattentive to his ideas. The whole description is confined to the purity of the turf, and its freedom from every thing foul and venemous. And lest the next editor of these poetical brothers should know no more of his duty than his immediate predecessor has done, he is here told that, in the North of England, the white froth, frequently observed on bushes, plants, and grass, is believed by the vulgar to have a poisonous or venemous quality, and is universally called the *Cuckows SPIT*.

This claim the dauphin now asserts, and it is possible that Shakspeare imagined him to have the right he pretended. But the fact is, Arthur had left an infant sister (Eleanor of Britain), who was then right heir to the crown, and *de jure* queen of England; and who, to the everlasting disgrace of this country, languished all her days in obscurity and confinement; and, even supposing *her* out of the question, John, and his son Henry, had a better title than Blanch, who was onely that kings sisters daughter; unless, indeed, he might be said to have forfeited all right, by his unnatural cruelty to his nephew, whom he is believed to have murdered with his own hands: yet still, even on that idea, would young Henrys title remain unimpeached; for neither then, nor in our authors time, was it understood, that the personal misconduct of the ancestor, could, in any case, bar the succession of the innocent issue. A humane and righteous principle, reserved for the discovery and practice of a more refined and liberal people, in a more enlightened and politic age!

p. 120.

*Sal. — New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.*

“Happy innovation,” quoth dr. Johnson, “that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government.” What rightful government? Does the good old constitutionalist suppose it to have been in John, a murderer, and a villain, one who had not the least right to the possession of the crown, and whom it would have been praise-worthy in any man or set of men to have put to death?

RICHARD

RICHARD THE SECOND.

P. 151.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy.—

Dr. Johnson does not (he says) clearly see the sense of this abrupt line. It is not, therefor, much to be wondered that he has not given a meaning which he could not find. The old copies reading—so *fare* (10), Mr. Tollet makes the speaker wish Norfolk to *fare* like his enemy. A construction than which nothing can be more irrational and absurd. Bolingbroke onely uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend*: Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, I, &c.

p. 188.

Boling. Thanks gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices.

This last line Mr. Theobald thought an *interpolation*, and therefor threw it out of *his* edition; and, in this, the editors have been weak enough to inclose it in brackets. These proceedings are the more remarkable, as, supposing it genuine, there does not appear any thing like a reason in Mr. Theobald's note, for the charge he would make against Shakspeare, of forgetfulness and inattention to history (and a very strange charge it would be). For it is evident, from the preceding scene, that there was a force in

(10) "All the old copies read: so *fare*. STEEVENS." A mistake: The second folio reads—*so farre*.

Wales,

Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress; and why, dr. Johnson, (for *you* think the emendation just), might not Shakspeare call it Glendowers? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welshmen are dispersed.

P. 211.

Queen. Gardiner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'st may never grow.

An execration, dr. Johnson observes, too ludicrous and unsuitable to the queens condition; and it certainly appears so. But, perhaps, (for Shakspeares highest or lowest characters are never without a quibble) she means to wish him *childless*. It is to be remembered that the queen was very young, dr. Johnson will, therefor, the more readily pardon any puerilities of expression he may find her guilty of.

P. 213.

Fitzw. — my *rapiers* point.

Dr. Johnson here takes an opportunity to censure Shakspeare for deserting the manners of the age in which his drama is placed:—this weapon, he says, not being seen in England till two centuries afterwards. It would be as well, however, though not quite so easy, for the learned critic to bring some proof in support of this and such like assertions. Without which the authority of Shakspeare is at least equal to that of dr. Johnson. And, even if he could prove what he asserts (which, however, it is believed he cannot), the poets friends would still have an argument which would render both his assertions and his proofs equally nugatory and ridiculous.

K. Rich.

FIRST PART OF K. HENRY THE FOURTH. 87

p. 242.

K. Rich. My thoughts are minutes, and, with fighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes —

The first folio, says dr. Johnson, agrees with the third quarto, which reads:

My thoughts are minutes; and with fighes they jarre
There watches to mine eyes—

This is not true. The first folio, which the learned critic was too indolent to consult, reads

Their watches *on vnto* mine eyes—

Which he has already given as the reading of the quarto of 1608.

P. 243.

K. Rich. Now, fir, the *sound*, that *tells* what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans —

Should we not read thus:

Now, fir, the *sounds* that *tell* what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans?

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY
THE FOURTH.

P. 252.

K. Henry. No more the *thirsty* entrance of this soil
Shall *daub* her lips with her own childrens blood.

Dr. Warburton calls these lines nonsense, and would read *trempe* instead of *daub*, or, as it stood then, *damp*. Dr. Johnson allows them to be absurd, but objects to *trempe*, and would change *entrance* to *entrails*, adding that the relative *her* is inaccurately used in both readings. He is likewise willing to suppose a verse lost. Mr. Steevens,
not

not being satisfied with either alteration, proposes *entrants* instead of *entrance*, and explains it by, “those who set foot on this kingdom through the lust of power or conquest (which was the king's own case).” Never sure was there so much *drumleing*, nor (except in this edition) were there ever so many wild and absurd conjectures, as this simple passage has given rise to. For so simple it certainly is, as that the little meaning it has may be easily discovered by the most ignorant; however *doctors* may differ about it. The *thirsty entrance of the soil* is nothing more or less than the face of the earth, parched and cracked as it always appears in a dry summer; and Mr. Steevens came nearer the mark than he was aware of when he mentioned the *porous surface* of the ground. As to its being personified, it is, certainly, no such unusual practice with Shakspeare. Every one talks familiarly of *mother Earth*; and they who live upon her face may, without much impropriety, be called her children. Our author only confines the image to his own country. The allusion is to the *Barons wars*.

p. 261.

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my *old lad of the castle*.

There is a very old and popular tradition that *old lad of the castle* alludes to the name of Sir John Oldcastle, Falstaff's original surname, when this play was first performed. This Mr. Steevens will by no means allow. But it is no matter; there is as much reason, argument, and authority, as can be well expected on one side of the question, and his bare opinion on the other. Fuller, beside the words cited in the note, has, in his *Worthies*, p. 253, the following passage:

5

“Sir

FIRST PART OF K. HENRY THE FOURTH. 89

“ Sir John *Oldcastle* was first made a *thrafonical puff*, an emblem of *mock valour*, a make sport in all plays for a *coward*.”

Speed, likewise, in his *Chronicle*, edit. 2. p. 178, says :

“ The author of the *Thrèe Conversions* [i. e. Parsons, the Jesuit] hath made *Oldcastle* a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority, taken from the *stage-players*, is more befitting the pen of his slanderous report, than the credit of the judicious, being only grounded from the papist and the poet, of like conscience for lies, the one ever feigning, and the other ever falsifying the truth.” (11)

It is somewhat extraordinary for mr. Steevens to assert that Shakspeare was not the author of the old play of Hen. V. in which *Oldcastle* appears to have been first introduced upon the stage. No body ever said or thought he was. But the very ingenious critic knows, and allows, that this same play afforded Shakspeare several hints ; among which were the name and character of *Sir John Oldcastle*, whom he, afterwards, upon better advice, called *Sir John Falstaff*.

p. 284.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

It was not, says mr. Steevens, Edmund Earl of March, the Mortimer of this play, whom K. Richard II. proclaimed heir to the crown ; but his father Roger earl of March, who was killed soon after in Ireland.

The learned commentator would have done well to consult the history before he ventured to be so deci-

(11) Both these quotations are immediately taken from an old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

five. Let us see when Northumberland heard this proclamation. Why,

—then it was when the unhappy king,
Set forth upon his Irish expedition.

That Roger Mortimer could not be *then* proclaimed heir to the crown is evident, from this plain and simple circumstance:—He was not then alive. He had been treacherously killed by the wild Irish; and it was chiefly to revenge his death that the king set out on this very expedition. This proves it could not be *Roger*; and that it was *Edmund*, is proved by Hall, who expressly says, that HE, (“Edmond, sonne to erle Roger”) “at kyng Richardes goyng into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparant to the crowne and realme.”

P. 292.

1 *Car.* An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney.

Charleses wain is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. But why *Charleses wain*? What *Charles*? It is, in fact, a mere corruption of the *Chorles*, or *Churls wain* (Sax. ceopl, a countryman). For this very ingenious and judicious etymology the writer is indebted to a earned friend.

P. 293.

2 *Car.* Your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a *loach*.

Loach, says dr. Warburton, is a *loch* (Scotch) a lake. Mr. Steevens half-doubts the propriety of this explanation, and supposes the expression may mean *fleas resembling a loach* (i. e. the fish so called). They must have been *elephantine lops*, indeed, to do this, the loach being two or three inches

inches in length. Besides, this construction necessarily requires the passage to have been :—*fleas like loaches*. The allusion is doubtless to the above *fish*; and Mr. Steevens, in the course of his extensive researches, may one day find that it either has, or was formerly supposed to have, when dead, the quality of producing fleas in abundance. Dr. Warburton's explanation, if it may be so misnamed, is almost too absurd to deserve contradiction. The Scotch or Irish word *loch*, a lake, is a hard guttural sound, which we have softened into *lough*: e. g. *lough* (vulgariter *lop*)-*leeches*, the physicians or phlebotomists of the lake.

p. 300.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*.

Purchase;—*perquisitio*, acquisition: Thus, in *Hen. V.*

They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*.

p. 303.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our Setter, I know his voice.

Bard. What news.

Gads. Case ye, case ye; &c.

In all the copies, says Dr. Johnson, that I have seen, Poins is made to speak on the entrance of Gadshill thus:

O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.—*Bardolph*, what news?

This he pronounces to be absurd; and therefore alters the passage as above; with very little reason, and against all authority. The modern editors, noticing an omission, make Bardolph to enter with Gadshill. The learned critic calls this a countenancing of the impropriety, and, therefore,

92 FIRST PART OF K. HENRY THE FOURTH.

does not bring Bardolph on at all. There is no absurdity in the passage, except that of which the learned commentator is guilty. Falstaff's calling out for Bardolph is no proof that he was within hearing. The latter's entrance should be marked, and the old reading restored.

P. 304.

Fal. Hang ye, gor-bellied knaves; are ye undone? No, ye fat *chuffs*.

Mr. Steevens is under a small mistake in supposing this word a corruption of *choughs*. The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced, by the natives, *chow*. *Chuff* is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a clown, and being, in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound. So Cotton, *Virgil travestie*:

The wealthiest carles thereabouts,
Rich *cuffs* and very sturdy louts.

P. 321.

Fal. You rogue, there's lime in this *sack*.

Sack, the favourite beverage of Sir John Falstaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of *Sherry*, *Syder*, and *Sugar*. Sometimes it should seem to have been brewed with eggs, i. e. *mulled*. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falstaff's charge in the text, &c. It does not seem to be, at present, known; the sweet wine so called being, apparently, of a quite different nature.

P. 333.

Fal. He of Wales that swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a *Welsh book*.

Mr. Steevens seems to be right in supposing a *Welsh book* to be a weapon of the same kind with our old English

lish bill, or the Lochaber axe (with which, by the way, Mr. Steevens might have observed, Colonel Gardiner was killed (12)). The representation, therefore, of the old sword from Speed could have been spared. It is more like the *seaxe* or faulchion of our Saxon ancestors than any instrument of Henry the Fourth's time. The shepherd's hook, in the song, is no warlike implement, but merely a crook he used to catch his sheep withall.

P. 336.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father.

Fal. Shall I? content:—this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. *Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown.*

This, says Dr. Farmer, is an *apostrophe* of the prince to his *absent father*; not an *answer* to Falstaff.

The learned critics' interpretation cannot be right. It is certainly nothing more than a ludicrous description of Falstaff's mock *regalia*.

P. 339.

Fal. If the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then there is virtue in that Falstaff.

Mr. Steevens is *afraid* that here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. Alas!

(12) This gentleman's conduct at the battle of Preston-Pans, does not seem to have proceeded so much from the generous bravery of a noble and heroic mind, as from a spirit of religious enthusiasm, and a bigoted reliance on the Presbyterian doctrine of Predestination, which made it a matter of total indifference to him whether he left the field, or remained in it. The Highlander who slew him was, not many years ago, said to be living in the town of Perth.

and

94 FIRST PART OF K. HENRY THE FOURTH.

and if the allusion were intentional, where is its *profane-ness*?

P. 343.

Fal. Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the *sheriff*, so; if not let him enter: &c.

Falstaff here intends a quibble, which the editors, industrious enough, it must be confessed, in pointing out such like things (13), have suffered to escape their notice. *Majer*, which *sheriff* brought to his mind, signifies as well one of the parts of a logical proposition, as the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *Mayor*.

P. 352.

Glend. For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

The tongue, i. e. says dr. Johnson, the English language. He is wrong. Glendower means that he graced his own tongue with the art of singing.

(13) Dr. Johnson has unfortunately been too much so: what imagination but his own would have discovered such a pun as either of the following?

K. Henry. Indeed the French may lay twenty *French crowns* to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders.

"This conceit, rather too low for a king, has been already explained as alluding to the *venereal* disease."

And many such like *as's* of great charge.

"i. e. *asses* heavily loaded. A quibble is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *ass* the beast of burthen."

But, to be sure, the learned critic hath, as Falstaff says, a *strange alacrity in sinking*.

Glend.

p. 355.

Glend. She's desperate here; *a peevish self-will'd harlotry.*

Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, speaking of his daughter has the same expression:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

p. 363.

K. Henry. The skipping king he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; *carded his state*;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools.

The metaphor *carded his state* is supposed, by mr. Steevens (from a hint of mr. Tollet), and by dr. Farmer, to be taken from mingling *coarse wool* with *fine*, and *carding them together*. But this explanation is by much too far fetched; and the learned critics may be justly said to have *sent their wits a wool-gathering* in search of it. By *carding his state*, the usurper means that his predecessor set his consequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loses his fortune) at *cards*.

p. 366.

K. Hen. The archbishops grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer, *Capitulate* against us and are up.

i. e. says mr. Steevens, *make head* against us. Rather *combine, confederate, indent*. To capitulate is *To draw up any thing in heads or articles*. Johnsons Dictionary.

These things, 'tis true, you have *articulated*.

p. 396.

Hot. He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace.

96 SECOND PART OF K. HENRY THE FOURTH.

To *sue his livery*, mr. Steevens says, is a law phrase, meaning to sue out the possession of his lands from the *Court of Wards*.

The *Court of Wards* did not exist till the 32d year of king *Henry the Eighth*; before which time Wardships were usually granted, as court-favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them.

p. 403.

Wor. And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull, the cuckows bird,
Useth the sparrow.

That is, as dr. Johnson very learnedly observes, the cuckows *chicken*, who, says he, being hatched and fed by the sparrow [r. the hedge sparrow], in whose nest the cuckows egg was laid, grows in time able to devour his nurse.

Such, indeed, is the old popular superstition. But the curious reader will find the honour and reputation of the cuckow and her said *chicken* (so elegantly personified by the learned commentator) ably defended by the ingenious mr. Daines Barrington, in his late useful and entertaining *Miscellany*.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

p. 417.

K. Hen. Stay and breathe awhile:——
'Thou hast redeem'd *thy* lost opinion.

Should we not read—my *lost opinion*?

Mort.

p. 452.

Mort. And *more, and less*, do flock to follow him.

More and *less*, mr. Steevens says, means *greater and less*. Not in this place. It is, simply, *large and small numbers*.

p. 458.

Fal. You *hunt-counter*, hence! avaunt!

Hunt-counter, says dr. Johnson, that is, *blunderer*. Rather, you *base tyke*, you *worthless dog*. There can be no reason why Falstaff should call the servant a *blunderer*, but he seems very anxious to prove him a *rascal*. Mr. Steevens's quotations would have been more germane to the matter if they had exhibited *hunt-counter* as a *substantive*. For it is not impossible that, after all, the word may be found to signify a *catchpole* or *bumbailif*. He was, probably, the judge's *tipstaff*.

p. 459.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well.

In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this speech, mr. Theobald informs us, stands thus:

Old. Very well, my lord, very well.

Mr. Steevens still remains *unconvinced*, and adds that *Old* MIGHT have been the beginning of some actors name. An objection which would have served equally well, if the name of *Oldcastle* had, in that edition, stood at length, instead of *Falstaff*, throughout the whole play. The learned critics heterodoxical obduracy increases in proportion to the blaze of gospel evidence on the other side, which must enforce conviction upon every mind not predetermined to think otherwise.

O .

Poins.

p. 481.

Poins. — the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a *proper fellow of my hands*; and these two things, I confess, I cannot help.

A tall or proper fellow of his hands, says dr. Johnson, was a stout fighting man.

In this place, however, a *proper fellow of his hands*, means a good looking, well made, personable man. Poins might certainly have helped his being a *fighting fellow*.

p. 511.

Fal. [On seeing the prince and Poins disguised as waiters.] Ha! a bastard son of the king's? and art not thou *Poins*, his brother?

His brother! whose brother? the king's, or his bastard sons? Astonishing, that the editors did not perceive the absurdity of printing, or, at least, pointing the passage thus:

And art not thou Poins his brother (i. e. Poinses brother or brother to Poins)? a vulgar corruption of the genitive case!

p. 520.

K. Hen. We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

Dr. Johnson is very fond of giving the reader continual information, that the play proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition;—that there is, therefor, no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author; and that, since, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players who made the present distribution, he would propose, to change them so and so.

I

When

When a division has been made by mr. Rowe or any of his successors, an editor has certainly a good right, to change it, if he can, for the better. But there is little room to doubt that the pauses of action marked in the first folio have been intended, or, at least, approved by the author. The player editors divided the different dramas just as they were *broken in the representation*. And, most, if not all, of Shakspeares plays having been performed at his own theatre, and under his own eye, it is very improbable that he should not have given directions about the division of the acts. If there had been no distinction of acts in the playhouse copies, messieurs Hemings and Condell would never have troubled their heads about the matter. No editor has therefor any right to alter that division which is established by the two first folios: unless in two or three places where the misplacing of the *actus* is too glaringly absurd to admit a doubt of its impropriety.

P. 521.

Sbal. — Will Squele a *Cotswold man*.

i. e. says mr. Steevens, one versed in the gymnastic exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution. I suppose, continues he, the following passage contains an *allusion* of the *same kind*:

By my faith ye are wont to be as bold

As yt were a *lyon of Cottyswold*.

Again:

You old stale ruffin, you *lyon of Cotse*.

It is rather unlucky that the ingenious commentator did not comprehend the force of this expression. A *lyon of Cotswold* is a *sheep*.

P. 523.

Sbal. The same fir John.....I saw him break *Skogans* head at the court gate.

O 2

Who

Who *Scogan* was, mr. Steevens says, may be understood from a passage in *the Fortunate Isles*, a masque by Ben Jonson.

— *Scogan*? what was he?

Oh, a fine gentleman, and a master of arts,
Of *Henry the Fourth's* time that made disguises
For the kings sons, and writ in ballad royal
Daintily well, &c.

And adds, that among the works of Chaucer is a poem called, “*Scogan*, unto the lordes and gentilmen of the kings house.”

But *this* is not the *Scogan* alluded to by Shallow. He means the *Scogan* who was a jester, mime, mimic, or court-fool in Edward the Fourth's reign. Mr. Steevens knows *Scogan's Jests*. That is the man. As to the point of chronology, it is not worth consideration.

P. 530.

Fal. For you, Mouldy, *stay* at home till you are past service.

Dr. Farmer seems right in his conjecture that this passage should be read :

For you, Mouldy, *you have stay'd* at home 'till you are past service.

The same ingenious and learned critic (whom every lover of Shakspeare, literature, and truth must always regard with the utmost gratitude and respect) observes that there is some mistake in the number of *recruits*: Shallow says, that Falstaff should have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three*: Wart, Shadow, and Feeble.—It is very true.—Falstaff, on his entrance, asks the justices if they have provided him *half a dozen* sufficient men. Shallow answers in the affirmative. But only *five* are produced. And, when Falstaff says,

says, *Is here all?* Shallow tells him, *there is two more called than your number, you must have but four here.* So that there is certainly a *man missing.* Is this now irretrievable loss to be charged upon Shakspeare, or the players?

p. 581.

Shal. — Yea, marry, *William cook*, bid him come hither.

It appears from this instance, mr. Steevens thinks, that anciently the lower orders of people had no surnames, but in their stead were content to adopt the titles of their several professions. An inference and conclusion which may with equal justice and propriety be made by some critic, commenting, a couple of centuries hence, upon the dramatic pieces of the present period, on meeting with the titles of *Robin coachman*, and *John hosteler.*

p. 588.

Ch. Just. And *struck me* in the very feat of judgment.

Sir John Hawkins subjoins an account of the insult given to the speaker by prince Henry, from Sir Thomas Elyot. But mr. Malone observes that there is no mention in it of the prince having *struck* him. “Speed, however,” adds he, “who quotes Elyot, says, *on I know not what authority*, that the prince gave the judge a blow on the face.” That this most learned gentleman may, for the future, *know on what authority* Speed made the assertion, he has an opportunity to peruse the following extract.

“For imprisonment of one of his [prince Henrys] wanton mates and vnthrifte plaifaiers he *strake the chiefe Justice with his fist on the face.* For which offence he was not onely committed to streyght prison, but also of his father put out of the preuy counsaill and banished the courte.”

Hall,

Hall, Hen. IV. It is more than probable that Hollinshed has the same story; and the commentator might have likewise found it,—where Shakspeare did,—in the old anonymous play.

P. 597.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me knight;*
Samingo.—Is't not so?

He means, according to Hanmer, to say *San Domingo*. An observation highly applauded by the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton, who is, to be sure, from his extraordinary skill in the tongues, perfectly well qualified to judge of its propriety. But the truth is, that the Spaniards, though they use *San Pedro*, *San Juan*, &c; never either write or say *San Tomas*, or *San Domingo*. Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted an old catch, ending:

— do me right,
 And dub me knight,
Domingo.

Which is the identical scrap that Silence is singing; he therefor certainly means to say *Domingo*; but, being *sap* (as Bardolph hath it), *conclusions* pass the *careires*.

VOLUME

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

p. 18.

Cant. ——— the lady *Lingare*
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of *Charles the great*.

But *Charlemain* and *Charles the Great* were one and the same person. *Charlechauve* was indeed the son of Lewis the emperor: but who the lady *Lingare* was hath not been discovered. Shakspeare, however, gives the information just as he found it in Hall and Hollinshed.

Ibid.

Cant. ——— also king Lewis the *ninth*
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd
That fair *queen Isabel*, his grandmother
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengare*
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain.

The worth *ninth* has been inserted by some of the modern editors. The old copies read *tenth*. No notice is, however, taken of any variation in the margin of the present edition. And yet, *ninth* is certainly wrong, and *tenth* certainly right. Isabel was the wife of Philip the Second, father of Lewis the *Ninth*, and grandfather of Lewis the *Tenth*.

K. Hen.

p. 20.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

Notwithstanding the learned prelate is so confident in his opinion, and so zealous to engage the king in a war with France, and to cause such a deluge of Christian blood, it will not be improper for the readers of this play to reflect, that he had no more right to the throne of that kingdom, than Charles VI. had to the crown of England. Henry proposes the invasion and conquest of France in prosecution of the dying advice of the usurping Machiavel his father:

——— to *busy giddy minds*

With *foreign quarrels*; that action, thence borne out,

Might *waste the memory of the former days*.

That his subjects might have sufficient employment to mislead their attention from the nakedness of his own title. The archbishop and clergy, it appears, had a similar reason for urging it.

p. 29.

K. Hen. We never valu'd this poor seat of England;

And, therefore, *living hence*, did give ourself

To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common;

That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;

Be like a king, and shew my fail of greatness,

When I do rouse me in my throne of France.

It is evident that the word *hence* implies *here*: Sir Thomas Hanmer was, however, to blame for making it so. No one who reads Shakspeare, or, indeed, any other old writer, can be ignorant in what strangely lax and arbitrary senses
many

many other words are used. The king says, that as he had lived from *home* (i. e. *his throne of France*), in a place he did not esteem, he had been careless to observe the dignity and behaviour of a great king.

Dr. Warburton explains it to be, *living as if he were absent from England*; mr. Steevens, *with-drawing from court*.

P. 35.

Nym. Good morrow, *lieutenant Bardolph*.

It would be some satisfaction to learn how Bardolph acquired his *commission*; he was no more than Falstaff's *corporal* when we last parted with him: and in act II. scene ii. Nym addresses him by the *same title*; which, mr. Steevens there says, is a mistake for *lieutenant*. That gentleman, therefor, is, perhaps, able to give the desired information.

p. 36.

Nym. — when time shall serve, there shall be *smiles*.

Dr. Warburton suspects smiles to have been a stage direction. Mr. Steevens explains it thus:—he should be merry even though he were to lose Pistol's friendship; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him. It is not always an easy matter to discover the *humour* of Nym's expressions, but, from the tenour of his discourse, one would think he meant, that, when opportunity came, he would take a pleasant revenge; that he would, when he caught Pistol sleeping, cut his throat, and smile.

p. 38.

Bard. Good *lieutenant*, good *corporal*, offer nothing here.

P

Mr.

Mr. Steevens observes, we should read—*Good* ancient, for it is Pistol to whom he addresses himself. It is very true; and what is Pistol? Falstaff, whom one may suppose to have been at least as well acquainted with his rank as the ingenious commenator can be, has already addressed him by the same title:

“Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, *lieutenant Pistol*; come, Bardolph.”

And, in act III. of the present play, Fluellen calls him—*an ancient* lieutenant.

Ibid.

Pist. Pish for thee, *Iceland* dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of *Iceland*!

The old reading was *Island*; and *Island* seems to be right. It is the proper name of the country. The difficulty arose from the commentators not understanding the right pronunciation. And it may be here observed, in passing, that the common English word should be always written *iland*; the *s* being not only expletive and useless, but unnatural and absurd. The same observation will apply to the word *viscount*, unless it should be thought better to write and pronounce it *vicecount*.

P. 53.

Quick. —— his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a *babbled* of *green fields*.

Here is a number of profound annotations on this passage, of which the use is not very apparent. That note of Theobalds, which, dr. Johnson affects to say, he omits *in pity to his readers*, is not onely a better but a more interesting one than any in the page; and was peculiarly necessary, as it established the adopted reading. A mr. Smith seems to write with a good deal of confidence; why do not

we

we meet him oftener? or, rather, why have we met him at all?

p. 58.

Pist. Let housewif'ry appear; keep close, I thee command.

Mr. Steevens (whose note on this passage it would not be proper to transcribe) has elsewhere observed, that, on some occasions, silence is less reprehensible than information; and it would, perhaps, have been as well, if he had still continued of the same opinion, and omitted to acquaint us with the indecent reading of the old quartos, and spared his equally indecent quotations and comments; more especially as every reader, ignorant of this precious piece of information, would take the text, to imply (as it does) no more than a charge to *keep within doors*: and, further, as it doth not appear, on looking into *Philotus*, that the word adduced by the learned commentator, either has, or can, by the utmost stretch of ingenuity, be made to bear, in that play, any such meaning as he here seems so desirous of forcing upon it.

p. 64.

Exe. He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall *chide* your trespasss.

“*Shall hide your trespasss,—*] Mr. Pope rightly corrected it, *Shall chide*——W ARBURTON.”

“I doubt whether it be rightly corrected. The meaning is that the authors of this insult shall fly to caves for refuge. JOHNSON.”

“Mr. Pope restored *chide* from the quarto. I have therefore inserted it in the the text.....STEEVENS.”

All these gentlemen have boasted of their fidelity and care in collating the old editions. The two first cannot at present be spoke with. But one may, surely, venture to ask dr. Johnson and mr. Steevens, *what the folios read?*

P. 70.

Flu. — Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

Pist. Be merciful, *great duke*, to men of mould!

Great duke! what duke? Fluellen? Indeed his grace is infinitely obliged to the generosity of our editorial Brentford Sovereigns, for the honour they have been so graciously pleased to confer upon him. A *Welsh captain* created a *duke!* Good! It is not fit, however, that Shakspeares dignities should be thus prostituted at the *mere motion* and *special grace* of every *usurper*. Perhaps the next *Phys* or *Ush* that obtrudes himself upon the dramatic throne may take it into his head to create ancient *Pistol* a *viscount*. But the *peerage* of *Shakspeare* must not be so *degraded*. We shall, therefor, forthwith institute an enquiry into the disposal of the above *dukedom*.

Up to the preaches, &c.] Thus, says mr. Steevens, the 4to. The folio, adds he, reads *up to the breach you dogges, avaunt you cullions*. But neither does this variation lessen the absurdity of Pistols calling Fluellen a duke.

The *quarto* reads *Fluellens* speech as in the text, and *Nym* answers him thus:

Abate thy rage, *sweet knight*, abate thy rage.

No mention is made of any duke.

The fact is, that, in the folio, it is the *duke of Exeter*, and not Fluellen, who enters, and to whom Pistol addresses himself. Shakspeare had made the alteration, and the
player

player editors inserted it in the text, but, inadvertently, left Fluellen in possession of the margin. This was an incongruity which might, one would think, have been easily perceived and quickly remedied, but the present editors, by taking *Fluellens* speech from the quarto, and *Pistols* from the folio, have increased the confusion and absurdity of the text a thousand fold; and thus it has come to pass that the former is created a duke.

If such like kings be fit to govern, speak.

p. 85.

Flu. ——— Fortune is painted plind, &c.

This picture of Fortune, dr. Farmer tells us, is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus*. But is dr. Farmer quite certain that this history had made its appearance in an English dress so early as Shakspeares time? Surely Fortune is *painted plind* in many other books, much more ancient, and equally common.

p. 87.

Pist. Die and be damn'd: and *figo* for thy friendship! — The *fig* of Spain!

An allusion, mr. Steevens observes, to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects of Spanish or Italian revenge. But the expression both here and afterwards is evidently used by Pistol as a term of *contempt*; and cannot have any relation either to poisoning or to revenge. Whether to the *fico*, indeed, explained in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, may be doubtful.

p. 103.

Cho. ——— The poor condemned English

Sit patiently, and inly *ruminate*

The morning danger; and their gesture sad

Presented them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts.

We must certainly read *Presenteth*.

p. 110.

Will. — Some, crying for a surgeon, &c. some, upon their children rawly left.

That is, says dr. Johnson, *without preparation, hastily suddenly.* He is wrong. *Rawly left* is, *left young and helpless.*

p. 116.

K. Henry. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers hearts !
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !

The old copies read :

———— take from them now

The sense of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers ;
Pluck their hearts from them !

The poet, says Theobald, might intend, “ take from them the sense of reckoning those opposed numbers ; which might pluck their courage from them.” But the *relative*, adds he, not being expressed, the sense is very obscure.

This change, according to dr. Johnson, is rightly admitted by bishop Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer, it seems, reads :

———— the opposed numbers
Which stand before them.

This reading, dr. Johnson says, he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the passage thus :

Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
That the opposed multitudes that stand before them
May not appall their courage.

Mr. Tyrwhitt allows that Theobalds alteration makes a very good sense ; but he thinks that we might read, with
less

less deviation from the old edition, what is adopted in the present text.

After all, the old reading appears to be right; though none of the commentators has attempted to explain it. The king prays that his men may be unable to reckon the enemys force; that their hearts (*i. e.* their sense and passions) may be taken from them: *that they may be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make them* (14). An explanation which seems to be countenanced by the old 4to.

A learned friend inclines to think that, by—their *hearts*, the king means the hearts *of the opposed numbers*.

P. 117.

K. Hen. ——— More will I do;
Though *all* that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence *comes after all*,
Imploring pardon.

This reading is certainly right, though not properly explained by dr. Johnson. It is simply thus:—All that I can do is of no avail; since, when I have done every thing I can, I must still rely on my own penitence for obtaining the pardon of my fathers misdeeds. The first part of dr. Warburtons note is singularly just. It is, indeed, a mockery of Heaven in Henry to expect pardon for a crime of which he continued to enjoy the benefit. And, certainly, if ever the divine judgement ought to have interfered, or did actually interfere in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, it was in this very case of the house of Lancaster.

(14) Junius.

Pist.

p. 129.

Pist. Yield, cur.*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.**Pist.* Quality, call you me? Construe me, art thou a gentleman?

The old and evidently true reading is, *quality*, (calmie) *calmly*, (culture) *construe me*. The alteration was, it seems, proposed by Mr. Edwards; and has been too hastily adopted. For if it be not nonsense, it is very little better. Pistol, who does not understand French, imagines the prisoner to be speaking of his own quality. The line should, therefor, have been given thus:

Quality!—calmly; construe me, art thou a gentleman?

p. 133.

Boy. ——— *neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promettez, &c.*

It is strange enough that the editors should print this nonsense for French. The first folio reads, *layt a promets*. But the second gives it correctly,—*lui promettez*.

p. 145.

Flu. Stand away captain Gower; I will give treason his payment *into plows*, I warrant you.

The *Revisal*, very plaufibly, according to Dr. Johnson, reads, *in two plows*. Mr. Steevens would rather prefer, *in due plows*. But what need of alteration? The Scottish, both in speaking and in writing, frequently use *into* for *in*. However, if it should still be thought necessary to amend the text, the readiest way would be to omit a syllable, and read—in *plows*.

p. 146.

K. Henry. Give me *thy* glove, soldier; look, here is *the* fellow of it.

It must be, says dr. Johnson, *give me my glove*; for of the soldiers glove the king had not the fellow. The passage is, notwithstanding, like most of those the doctor objects to, perfectly right. *Give me thy glove, soidier*, i. e. that which thou hast in thy cap; and of *that* the king had certainly the fellow.

p. 161.

K. Henry. ——— such a plain king ———

“I know not,” says dr. Johnson, “why Shakspeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly *ridicule* in *Percy*.” It would be much less difficult for the reader to remove the cause of the learned commentators ignorance, than it would be for *him* to point out the passage in which *Percy* is *ridiculed*.

FISRT PART OF KING HENRY
THE SIXTH.

p. 210.

Bur. Myself——

Am sure, I scar'd the dauphin, and his *trull*.

Mr. Steevens believes that *trull* did not anciently bear so harsh an interpretation as it does at present. An opinion for which the learned commentator does not seem to have sufficient authority. In Shakspeares time, and long before, it signified a *strumpet*, a *harlot*, as it evidently does in the text. Neither will the single instance brought by mr.

Q

Steevens

Steevens prove the contrary. In the ancient morality of *The iiii elements*, a fellow says :

For to fatisfy your wanton lust
I shall apoynt you a *trull* of trust,
Nor a fairer in this towne.

Again, in the old maygame of *Robin Hode* :

She is a *trul* of trust, to ferve a fryer at his lust.

It is to be regretted that Shakspeare should have so far followed the absurd and lying stories of his time, about this celebrated heroine, whom the French called the maid of God, as to represent her not onely a strumpet, but a witch. If we may believe the most authentic historians she was no less distinguished for virtue than courage. She was burnt, indeed, by the barbarous English, whom she had so frequently driven before her, and who, to excuse their want of courage or policy, and to justify their inhumanity, pretended that she had dealt with the devil ! But her memory will, no doubt, be long held in deserved veneration by her grateful countrymen, whom she so largely contributed to rescue from usurpation and slavery. And it is not the least praise of our elegant historian, mr. Hume, that he has endeavoured to do justice to the much injured character of this amiable, brave, wise, and patriotic female.

The dauphin, too, whom we are apt to look upon as a traitor, a coward, and a scoundrel, was, perhaps, the greatest character of the age he lived in. He was one of the best kings France ever had, and England never had a better.

p. 218.

Plant. He bears him on the *place's privilege*.

“ The Temple,” dr. Johnson observes, “ being a *religious house*, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed.”

The

The learned commentator deals more in words than in knowlege. The Temple was then, as it is now, the residence of students in the law. And it is not unlikely that the orders of the society prohibited quarreling and blows under certain penalties.

p. 220.

A room in the Tower. Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and jailors.

Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, says mr. Steevens, observes, that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and dyed unconfined in Ireland in 1424.

The truth of this charge should have been established by some better authority than the dictum of mr. Edwards, adopted by mr. Steevens. In the third year of Henry the sixth (1425), and during the time that Peter duke of Coimbra was entertained in London, "Edmonde Mortymer," says Hall, "the last erle of Marche of that name (which longe tyme had bene restrayned frō hys liberty, and fynally waxed lame) disceased wythout yssue, whose inheritance disceded to lord Richard Plantagenet, &c."

This authority, even if the fact were otherwise, is sufficient to protect Shakspeare against the charge of having varied from the truth of history to introduce the scene.

p. 243.

K. Hen. When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said
 A stouter champion never handled sword

Q 2

Hia

His majesty must have had a fine *sprag* memory, as fir Hugh Evans says, since he frequently, in the course of the play, mentions his having been crowned at nine months old.

p. 251.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, *if I wis he did*——But let it rest ;
Other affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice ;
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decypher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

Theobald, who thought that, by what he calls the pointing reform'd (*i. e.* corrupted), he had restored the text to its purity, reads,—*And if I wis, he did*—Nay, if I know any thing, he did think harm. Dr. Johnson thought this plausible enough, but would rather have the speech (corrupted further) broken thus :—*And if—I wish—he did*, or, perhaps : *And if he did, I wish*. Such nonsense as no one but dr. Johnson would have been confident enough to produce ; and which not even dr. Johnson could understand. To mr. Steevens we are certainly indebted for a very useful additional letter ; the old copies, onely reading *I wis*. But it is really astonishing that men of so much learning, sense, and sagacity, for they certainly have in many places displayed a great deal of each, should so grossly misconceive the meaning of so plain and simple a passage. York says, he is not pleased that the king should prefer
the

the *red rose*, the badge of Somerset, his enemy; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the king *meant no harm*. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily adds, in a menacing tone,—*If I thought he did*——but he instantly checks his threat with—*let it rest*. It is an example of a rhetorical figure which every one knows, and which our author has elsewhere used. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

An 'twere to give again——But 'tis no matter.

Mr. Steevens is too familiar with Virgil not to recollect his

Quos ego——Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

If the passage would not have explained itself, one should think that Exeters soliloquy, immediately following York's speech, might have served to do it.

It is but justice to say that the truly ingenious author of the *Revisal* understood this passage in the same manner; and the neglect he has received at the hands of the late editors who have made little other use of his book than merely to pick out a few conjectures to cavil at, does no more credit to them, than it has done service to their author.

P. 255.

York. And I am *lowted* by a traytor villain,

A *lout* is a country fellow, a clown. He means that Somerset treats him like a *hind*. Dr. Johnson had better let such words alone, as he does not understand. *Lowted*, in his dictionary, is *overpowered*.

SECOND

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE
SIXTH.

p. 318.

Spirit. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But *him out live* and *die a violent death*.

The meaning of this perplexed and ænigmatical reply seems to be: The duke is living who shall depose the king; but the king shall outlive him, and dye by violence. The plain construction is: the duke shall depose Henry, but shall outlive him, and dye a violent death;—which was not the case.

p. 326.

Simp. — being call'd
A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Saunder* come.

Instead of *Saunder* the old copies have *Simon*: mr. Theobald made the change, as *Saunder*, elsewhere, appears to be the impostors Christian name. Correction is certainly necessary: but it would seem better to read *Simpcox*; for which *Sim* has, in all probability, been put by contraction in the players MS.

p. 331.

York. — give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to Englands crown.

“ I know

“ I know not well,” says dr. Johnson, “ whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible.” Does the learned commentator, whose knowlege and want of knowlege seem equally serviceable to Shakspeare, imagine that any other person could have conceived such a doubt, or would have written such a note ?

p. 332.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown,
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.

This is very extraordinary. In act II. scene v. of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison ; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendowers daughter in the *First part of king Henry IV.* Is it possible that the authors memory should have so much deceived him that he could not remember in one play what he had already written in another ?

p. 335.

Q. Mar. — two pulls at once,
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour *raught*:—There let it stand.

The word *raught* seems to have some other meaning in this place, than *reached*; e. g. *reft*, or violently torn from him. The point at the end of the second line should be a comma. The *limb lopp'd off* certainly alludes to the loss of his office. The full stop should be after *raught*.

p. 348.

Suff. My lord, these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.

Easy,

Easy, dr. Johnson says, is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. It would have been well to have produced one or two of those *other passages*; but that, perhaps, might have been *difficult*. The word, no doubt, means *easyly*.

P. 353.

Suf. ——— that is good deceit,
Which *mates* him first, that first intends deceit.

Mates him, says bishop Percy, means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate*, adds he, is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. The learned prelate follows Dogberrys advice, and lets his writing and reading appear *when there is no need of such vanity*. *Mates* him, in the text, means—*confounds* him; from *amatir* or *mater*, French. To *mate* is no term in chess; with which one would have supposed the ingenious annotator more intimate. *Check-mate*, the term he alludes to, is a corruption of the Persian *Schah mat*; the king is killed. There can be no better evidence that Shakspeare was entirely unacquainted with the game of chess than his not having (at least to the writers remembrance) the most distant allusion to it. As he does not appear to have read a single book, or known a single art or science, or, indeed, any thing else, from which he did not, some how or other, contrive to introduce into his plays all the information, images, or ideas they had supplied him with. Chess would have been an inexhaustible fund: and kings and warriors would have been *check-mated* in every play.

P. 359.

K. Henry. I thank thee: *Well*, these words content me much.
The old copies read:

I thank thee, *Nell*, these words content me much.

This,

This, says mr. Theobald, is king Henrys reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reason, adds he, why the king should forget his own wifes name, and call her Nell inste ad of Margaret. As the change of a single letter, he thought, set all right, he was willing to suppose it came from his pen thus :

I thank thee. *Well*, these words content me much.

And this the editors have adopted without further enquiry. That the queens name was *Margaret* and not *Eleanor* is an allowed fact. But that the king should forget it is not at all surprising, as, in the progress of the scene, we find, that she forgets it *herself*, calling herself *Eleanor* no less than three times in one speech. Of this, however, it should seem that mr. Theobald has not taken any notice : at least none is taken of it in this edition, which every where reads *Margaret*. The change in the three instances alluded to was certainly requisite : and the same necessity and the same reasoning which displaced *Eleanor* and inserted *Margaret*, must, in the passage under consideration, displace *Nell* and insert *Meg*.

p. 376.

Suff. Obscure and *lowly* swain, king Henrys blood.

The quarto, mr. Steevens observes, reads *lowfy* swain. From which we are, doubtless, to infer that the present edition agrees with the folio. But, unfortunately for the inference, the folio does not differ from the quarto.

p. 382.

Suff. Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.

Mr. Tollet is accurate in his reference to Cotgrave ; but Cotgrave is mistaken. The name of the giant alluded to

R

was

was *Fierabras*. Cotgrave had somewhere found *ce fierabras*, which he supposed to have been three words, *ce fier Abras*. Don Quixotes miraculous elixir was the balsam of *Fierabras*.

P. 392.

Cade. The Lent shall be as long *again* as it is, &c.

Lent shall be as long as it is——] Methinks, says dr. Johnson, it might be read more humorously, *Lent shall be as long again as it is*.

“ This emendation, thus impressed with all the power of his eloquence, ‘ dr. Johnson’ found in the” old quarto and two first folios, all “ which he professes to have seen” (15).

P. 412.

Cade. I den farewell; and *be proud of thy victory*: tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I that never fear’d any, am vanquish’d by famine, not by valour.

Iden. How much *thou wrong’st me*, heaven be my judge.

That is, says dr. Johnson, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. Certainly not; because Cade does not tell him he *is* proud of his victory, but onely bids him *be so*. He wrongs him in attributing his own death to *famine*, and not to *Idens valour*.

(15) This is far from being a singular instance of the learned critics producing the reading of the old copies as his own conjectures. So in *Henry V.* act V. scene ii.

“ —— like a married wife about her husbands neck,——] Every *wife* is a *married wife*. I suppose we should read *new-married*; an epithet more expressive of fondness. JOHNSON.”

“ The folio reads a *new-married wife*. STEEVENS.”

Fields

P. 413.

Fields near Saint Albans.] But why *Saint Albans*? Hall, who, it may be supposed, knew as much about the matter as the editors, and Hollinshed after him, expressly says, that the duke of York was encamped on “brēt-heath a mile from Dertford [in Kent] and .x. miles from Londō;” and that the kings army lay upon Blackheath. And there is no reason to believe that Shakspeare meant, in this instance, at least, to deviate from the history; though he has certainly so, either by inadvertency or design, in making Buckingham the messenger: he was, indeed, sent to York, on a different occasion (*i. e.* immediately before the battle of Saint Albans); but the bishops of Winchester and Ely were the ambassadors on this.

p. 418.

York. Call hither to the stake my two brave *bears*;
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

“The Nevils, earls of Warwick,” says sir John Hawkins, “had a *bear and a ragged staff* for their cognizance, but the *Talbots* who were formerly earls of *Shrewsbury*, had a *lion*; and the present earl of Talbot, a descendant of that family, has the same.”

All this, sir John Hawkins, may be very true, but will you just give us leave to ask—what it is to the purpose?

R 2

THIRD

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

P. 432.

York. Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford all abreast,
Charg'd our main battles front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

It is the more extraordinary that York should be made to say this, as in the last scene but one of the immediately preceding play, he kills Clifford upon the stage, with his own hand.

P. 437.

K. Henry. Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd.
Think you, 'twere *prejudicial to the crown*?

Exe. No, for he could not so resign the crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

Dr. Johnson thought we should rather read *prejudicial to his son, to his next heir*: which is strangely absurd. Mr. Steevens says *prejudicial to the crown* means *to the prerogative of the crown*; an exposition in which he is certainly right, if, by *prerogative of the crown*, he mean, *its indefeasible hereditary descent*. The reader will recollect that *this* was a *Revolution parliament*, though diametrically opposite in its principles and practice to one Shakspeare never heard of; which, unhappily for this country! contributed as much to destroy the constitution, as that he here describes did to preserve it.

Gab.

p. 445.

Gab. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.

This intelligence is given to York just after he has determined, from the arguments of his sons Edward and Richard, to break his oath of peace to the king, and obtain immediate possession of the crown by force.

“ I know not,” says dr. Johnson, “ whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had York staid but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury.”

It will be no more than justice to York if we recollect that this scene, so far as respects the oath, and his resolution to break it, proceeds entirely from the authors imagination. Neither the earl of March nor Richard was then at Sandal: the latter being likewise a mere child, scarcely more than (if, indeed, so much as) nine years old. His appearance, therefor, and actions in this and the last acts of the present, and, at least, the two first of the following play, are totally unsupported by history and truth.

p. 446.

Enter Rutland, and his tutor.] “ A priest called sir Robert Aspall.” Hall, Hen. VI. fo. 99.

p. 448.

Rut. I never did thee harm, why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Rutland

Rutland is under a mistake. The battle of St. Albans, in which old Clifford was slain, happened in 1455; that of Wakefield in 1460. He appears to have been at this time above seventeen years old.

P. 453.

York. Oh, *tygres* heart, wrapp'd in a womans hide.

This is a remarkable instance of the editors diffidence. The word appears in the same shape in the old editions; and the present editors, not knowing whether it was intended for *tygers* or *tygres's*, durst not venture to change it, and have therefor left it as they found it. We should, however, certainly read *tygres's*.

p. 462.

Edw. — when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. — he was lately sent

From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,

With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloucester (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return untill their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.

Isabel dutchess of Burgundy, whom Shakspeare calls the dukes aunt, was daughter of John I. king of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefor, no more than third cousins.

p. 469. 470.

Rich. Whoever got thee there thy mother stands.

.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt.

The

The first of these speeches is, in the folios, by an evident blunder, given to *Warwick*. The latter, which is there given to *Richard*, seems more properly to belong to *Warwick*.

P. 473.

A field of battle, at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire.] We should read near Towton, Shakspeare has here, perhaps intentionally, thrown three different actions into one. The lord Fitz-water, being stationed by king Edward to defend the pass of Ferrybridge, was assaulted by the lord Clifford, and immediately slain, "and with hym," says Hall, "the bastard of Salisbury, brother to the earl of Warwycke, a valeaunt yong gentelman, and of great audicitie. When the earl of Warwycke," adds he, "was informed of this feate, he lyke a man desperated, mounted on his hackeney, and came blowing to kyng Edward saiying: fyr I praye God haue mercy of their foules, which in the beginning of your enterpryse hath lost their lyfes, and because I se no succors of the world I remit the vengeaunce and punishment to God our creator and redemer, and with that lighted doune, and flewe his horse with his swourde, saiying: let them flye that wyl, for surely I wil tary with him that wil tary with me, and kissed the crosse of his swourde." Clifford in his retreat was beset with a party of Yorkists, when, "eyther," says the historian, "for heat or payne putting off his gorget sodainly with an arrowe (as some say) without an hedde [he] was striken into the throte, and incontinent rendered his spirite, and the erle of Westmerlandes brother, and almost all his company were thare slayn, at a place called Dinting-dale, not farr frō Towton." In the afternoon of the next day (Palm Sunday eve, 1461), on a plain field between Towton and Saxton, joined the main battles,

which continued engaged that night and the greater part of the following day: upwards of 30,000 men, all English (including many of the nobility and the flower of the gentry, especially of the northern parts) being slain, on both sides. This battle, says Carte, “decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning, in one day, an usurpation strengthened by sixty-two years continuance: and established Edward on the throne of England.”

p. 489.

A wood in Lancashire.] Why Lancashlre? The king says,

From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful fight.

Which proves that he can neither have been long out of the former country, nor have got far into the latte. Indeed, that this was the fact appears from Hall, who tells us: “He was no sooner entered, but he was knowen and taken of one Cantlow, and brought towarde the kyng.” A future editor will, therefor, do well to read *Northumberland*.

p. 499.

Glo. And yet, between my souls desire and me.
(The lustful Edwards title buried)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all th' unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myself.

Gloucester seems onely to enumerate the branches of the house of Lancaster from his natural desire to have a specious pretence for the murders he intended to commit. Henry and his son and their *unlook'd for issue* could no more

(of right) place themselves between Clarence and him than between Edward and Clarence.

P. 504.

Enter Warwick (at the French court).] This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he receives by the king's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the king, Shakspeare, it is true, found in Hall and Hollinshed; but later, as well as earlier writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to causes which have not reached posterity, or to that jealousy and ingratitude so natural, perhaps, to those who are under obligations too great to be discharged. *Beneficia*, says Tacitus, *eo usque læta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratiâ odium redditur.*

p. 541.

Som. Somersæt, Somersæt, for Lancaster.!

Glo. Two of thy name, both *dukes of Somersæt*,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Albans, 1455 (Part I. act v. scene ii.) The second was Henry his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The present duke, Edmund, brother to Henry, was taken prisoner at Tewksbury, 1471, and there beheaded, (*infra*, scene v.) his brother John losing his life in the same fight.

S

A list

A list of the several battles fought between the houses of York and Lancaster may, possibly, be thought no incurious addition to the notes on this play.

1. The battle of St. Albans, between Richard duke of York and K. Henry; in which the latter was defeated and made prisoner: 23d May 1455.

2. The battle of Blore-heath (in Shropshire), between Richard earl of Salisbury (for York) and James lord Audley (for Lancaster); in which the latter was defeated and slain: 23d Septem. 1459.

3. The battle of Northhampton, between the earls of March and Warwick and king Henry; in which the king was again defeated and made prisoner: 10th July 1460.

4. The battle of Wakefield, between Richard duke of York and queen Margaret; in which the former was defeated and slain: 30th Decem. 1460.

5. The battle of Mortimers cross, between Edward duke of York and Jasper earl of Pembroke; in which the latter was defeated: 1460.

6. The (second) battle of St. Albans, between queen Margaret and the earl of Warwick; in which the latter was defeated: (Shrove-Tuesday) 17th Feb. 1460.

7. The action of Ferrybridge, between the lord Clifford (for Lancaster) and the lord Fitzwater (for York); in which the latter was surpris'd and killed, Clifford and almost all his party being slain in their retreat: 28th March 1461.

8. The battle of Towton, between king Edward and king Henry; in which the latter was defeated, and 36,000 were slain: (Palm-Sunday eve) 29th March 1461.

9. The

9. The battle of Hedgeley-Moor (in Northumberland), between the lord Montacute (for York) and the lords Hungerford and Roos, sir Ralph Percy and others (for Lancaster); in which the Lancastrians were defeated, and Percy slain: 25th April 1463.

10. The battle of Hexham, between the lord Montacute and king Henry; in which the latter was defeated: 15th May 1463.

11. The battle of Hedgecote (Banbury or Cotswold), between the earl of Pembroke (for king Edward) and the lords Fitzhugh and Latimer and sir John Conyers (for the earl of Warwick, on the part of Lancaster); in which the former was defeated: 29th July 1469.

13. The battle of Stamford (*Losecoatfield*), between sir Robert Wells (for Warwick) and king Edward; in which the former was defeated: 1469.

14. The battle of Barnet, between king Edward and the earl of Warwick; in which the latter was defeated and slain: (Easter-Sunday) 14th April 1471.

15. The battle of Tewksbury, between king Edward and queen Margaret; in which the latter was defeated and made prisoner: 3d May 1471.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

p. 30.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

“ Q. Mar. *So just is God, &c.*] This line should be given to Edward IVth's queen. *WARBURTON.*”

S 2

It

It is given to her in both folios. Where was the occasion for a note?

P. 33.

Q. *Mar.* Why strew'st thou sugar on that *bottled spider*.

“A spider,” says dr. Johnson, “is called *bottled*, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant.”

A most rational and satisfactory explanation, — very little worse than none at all. A *bottled spider* is the large bloated spider with a deep black shining skin, generally esteemed the most venomous.

P. 34.

Q. *Mar.* And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
Witness my *sun*, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

The folios read:

Witness my *Sonne* —

Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling.

It may be here remarked that the introduction of Margaret in this place is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewksbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life.

p. 61.

2 *Cit.* Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news by'r lady; *seldom comes a better*.

This is noted by Ray as a proverbial saying.

Arb.

p. 63.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at *Northampton* ;
At *Stony-Stratford* they do rest to-night.

Thus the present editors. The folio reads :

Last night I heard they lay at *Stony-Stratford*,
And at *Northampton* they do rest to-night.

Much to the metrical advantage, one would think, of the first line. But the gentlemen who took upon them to make the transposition (of which they have not, by the way, been pleased to give the slightest intimation) just knew that *Stony-Stratford* was a stage nearer London than *Northampton* ; and that was all. Had they condescended to consult the history, they would have found that the prince and his company did, in their way to London, actually lye at *Stony-Stratford* one night, and were the next morning taken back, by the duke of Gloucester, to *Northampton*, where they lay the following night. See Hall. Ed. V. fo. 6.

p. 64.

Queen. A parlous boy :—Go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Parlous, mr. Steevens says, is *shrewd*. It is a corruption of *perilous*, dangerous ; the sense it has here. The queen evidently means to chide him.

p. 65.

Dut. Who hath committed them ?

Mef. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Queen. For what offence ?

Mef.

Mef. 'The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd ;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious *lady*.

“ *For what offence ?*] The question is given to the archbishop in former copies, but the messenger plainly speaks to the queen or dutchess. JOHNSON.”

The learned critic has therefor made the change. And thus are the words and meaning of Shakspeare altered, corrupted, and injured, through the indolence and presumption of his editors and commentators. The old editions not onely give the question to the archbishop, but make it plain that the messenger speaks to no other person. They read :

Is all unknown to me, my gracious *lord*.

P. 94.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edwards children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contract with *lady Lucy*.

The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alledged a precontract between them ; “ whervpon,” says the historian, “ dame Elizabeth Lucye was sente for and albeit she was by the kyng hys mother and many other put in good comfort to affirme y^e she was assured to the kynge, yet when she was solempany sworne to say y^e truth she confessed she was neuer ensured. Howbeit she sayd, his grace spake suche louing wordes to her, that she verely hoped that he would have married her, and that yf such kynde woordes had not bene, she woulde neuer haue shewed such kindnesse to him, to lette hym so kyndely gette her wyth chylde.” Hall. Ed. V. fo. 19.

Enter

p. 97.

Enter Gloster above, between two Bishops.] It should seem, mr. Steevens says, from a former passage that these two clergymen, here called bishops, were Dr. *Shaw*, and *Friar Penker*.

Gloucester tells Buckingham :

—— you shall find me well accompanied,
With *reverend fathers*, and well learned *bishops*.

And Catesby has just informed him, that the duke is

—— within, with *two right reverend fathers* :

i. e. the two bishops between whom he appears above, Dr. Shaw and friar Penker were the *reverend fathers*.

p. 115.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I *pen'd up close*.

In Sheriffhutton castle: where he remained till the coming of Henry VII. who, immediately after the battle of Bosworth, sent him to the Tower, and, some few years after, most treacherously and barbarously put him to death; being, from a total want of education and commerce with mankind, so ignorant that he could not, according to Hall, discern a goose from a capon. With this unfortunate young nobleman ended the male line of the illustrious house of Plantagenet.

—— his daughter *meanly have I match'd in marriage*.

To sir Richard Pole knight. This lady, at seventy years of age, without any legal process, and for no crime but her relation to the crown, was beheaded in the Tower by that sanguinary tyrant Henry VIII. Her son lord Montague had been put to death a few years before, in the same manner, and for the same crime. And the famous cardinal Pole,

Pole, another of her children, onely escaped the fate of his mother and brother by keeping out of the butchers reach.

p. 132.

Queen. Heaven's wrong is most of all. ———
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath *by him*.

“ Thus all the old copies. The modern ones read :
——— *with Heaven*.

I have restored the old reading, because *him* (the oblique case of *he*) was anciently used for *it*, in a neutral sense. STEEVENS.”

The restoration was certainly just, though it is very doubtful that the reason here given in support of it is so. The truth is that Shakspeare makes Heaven a *person*.

p. 136.

K. Rich. What *heir of York* is there alive, but we ?
What heir of York ; i. e. What son of Richard duke of York ?

p. 149.

Richm. O Thou ! whose captain I account myself, &c.

They who read Halls account of this adventurer will be apt to attribute the fervency of his prayers rather to *cowardice* than to *piety*.

p. 161.

K. Rich. ——— a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Brittain at our *brother's* cost ?

The old reading is—*our* mothers *cost*, which mr. Theobald would alter to—his *mothers cost*. Dr. Farmer says, that Hollinshed, whom Shakspeare closely followed, has—

"*brought up by my mothers means and mine.*" That Hollinshed copies verbatim from Hall, but by an error of the press, gives *moother* instead of *brother* as it is in Hall, and ought to be in Shakspeare. The learned commentators ingenuity is unquestionable, though it has involved him in some little inconsistency. For, if *mother*, which Shakspeare certainly wrote; should be changed to *brother*, because he was misled by the blunder of Hollinsheds printer, why is the word *præclarissimus* to be justified by the identical principle on which mother is condemned? (*Hen. V.* volume v. p. 169.)

p. 166.

Rich. O, now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

Shakspeare is not singular in supposing Henry to be the true representative of the line of Lancaster. The tyrannous and bloody disposition of this monarch, and his immediate successor (neither of whom was at all inferior in cruelty, and the first of them far superior in craft and cunning to the monster he dethroned), joined to the goodness of their title under the house of York, made it unsafe, and perhaps unnecessary to canvas his descent. So that fear, flattery, neglect, and ignorance, seem to have established the opinion which most of our historians, and people in general hold of Richmonds being what he here pretends to be. But he is an impostor: his great grandfather, John duke of Somerset, from whom he derived the little title he had, was bastard son to John of Gaunt, and, though legitimated by act of parliament as to other purposes, utterly incapable of inheriting the crown. The right heir of the house of Lancaster, which, indeed, as opposed to the line of York, had not the smallest legal pretensions to the throne, was

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then

then, and still is, in the royal family of Portugal, in virtue of its descent from the lady Philippa, eldest daughter to John of Gaunt.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

p. 186.

Buck. ——— his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch in him he papers.

“ Council not then fitting. JOHNSON.”

“ All mention of the board of council being *left out* of his letters. STEEVENS.”

Neither, neither. Without advising with or consulting the council: not suffering them to have any concern in the busyness.

p. 212.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.

That is, says mr. Steevens, *if I make my party*.—Rather, *if I may choose my game*.

p. 231.

Old L. Our content
Is our best *having*.

“ That is, our best possession.....In Spanish, *hazienda*. JOHNSON.”

People

People generally introduce scraps of a foreign language to shew their knowlege: the learned commentator brings this merely to display his want of it. For, let the word *hazienda* signify what it may, what has it to do here? Indeed, "the professed critic, in order to furnish his quota to the bookseller, may write *notes of nothing*, that is notes which either explaine things which do not want explanation, or such as do not explaine matters at all, but merely fill up so much paper:" a canon, of which dr. Johnson has availed hisself pretty much in the manner of his predecessor dr. Warburton, who sagaciously observes, that *friends of my soul* is a Spanish phrase: *Amigo de mi alma*. Query, which of these two *professed critics* has displayed the most learning and acuteness?

p. 240.

Queen. — I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and *make my challenge*,
You shall not be my judge.

One would think it impossible to find a sentiment expressed with greater accuracy. But hear dr. Johnson:

"Challenge is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I challenge him*. I think there is a slight error which destroys the connection, and would read:

Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, *I make my challenge*.
— You shall not be my judge."

Alas; how very easy it is for a great scholar to convert a fine expression into downright nonsense!

p. 287.

Grif. Noble madam,
Mens evil manners live in brafs ; their virtues
We write in water.

Sir John Harrington, in his translation of Ariosto, has a
similar sentiment :

Men say it, and we see it come to pass,
Good turns in sand, shrewd turns are writ in *brass*.

The Latin proverb, he says, is, *Scribit in marmore læsus*.

C O R I O L A N U S.

p. 352.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you ! Herds of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er.

Herds of boils and plagues, to say the best of it, is a very
strange sort of expression. The old editions read :

You shames of Rome : you heard of byles and plagues.
Which, thus regulated, is certainly right :

You shames of Rome ! you herd of——Boils and. plagues
Plaister you o'er.

P. 374.

Men. A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years
health ; the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but *em-
piric*, and, to this preservative, of no better effect than a horse-
drench.

The old copy, mr. Steevens tells us, reads—is but em-
pirick*qutique*—of which, he says, the reader must make
what he can.

I

This,

This, to be sure, is one way for an editor to get rid of difficulties—by transferring them to his readers. The present instance, however, fortunately happens to be none. The most sovereign prescription in Galen, says Menenius, is, to this news, but *empiricutic*:—an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, F.) a quack.

P. 378.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Mr. Tyrwhitt would rather read :

Com. Ever right, Menenius.

Cor. Ever, ever.

But will not the change of a single point have a more natural and spirited effect ?

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius ? ever, ever.

P. 379.

Bru. — The *kitchen malkin* pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.

“ A *maukin* or *malkin*,” says one P. “ is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens : thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up : thence a dirty wench.”

Malkin is properly the diminutive of *Mal*, (Mary) ; as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *bare*. Grey *malkin* (corruptly, *Grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess* : the scullion. Master P. has exhibited her pedigree *reversed*, and mistaken the effect for the cause.

Cor.

P. 395.

Cor. You know the cause, firs, of my standing here.

2 *Cit.* — tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, *not* mine own desire.

“ The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without*. STEEVENS.”

But is onely the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading.

P. 479.

Men. — I have been blown out of *your* gates with sighs; and conjure *thee* to pardon Rome, and *thy* petitionary countrymen.

Your cannot be right. If the speaker mean to call the gates *Coriolanuses*, which would seem very absurd, he ought to say *thy* gates. It must be either *our* or *their*.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

P. 5.

Flav. What trade, thou knave?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend *me*, thou faucy fellow?

Mr.

Mr. Theobald thinks it plain that this last speech must be given to *Flavius*. But dr. Johnson replaces *Marullus*, who, he says, might *properly enough* reply to a saucy sentence directed to his colleague. The cobbler tells *Flavius* that, if he be out, he can *mend him*. Can any thing, therefor, be more absurd than for *Marullus* to abuse the cobbler for saying what he had not said; that he could *mend HIM*? And yet does the critic pronounce his reply to be made properly enough! The hint, however, in the latter part of the note may incline one to give the first speech to *Marullus* instead of transferring the last to *Flavius*.

p. 6.

Mar. That Tyber trembled underneath *his* banks.

“The old copies read—*her* banks. As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. STEEVENS.”

This may be true, but it is the duty of an editor to give what his author actually wrote, and not what he should have written.

p. 25.

Cas. And the complexion of the element,
It favours like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

The old editions read—*Is Favors*—of which some preceding editor made—*Is fev'rous*;—a much more ingenious and probable emendation surely than that adopted in the text.

p. 46.

Cal. And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead.

I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the following text of holy scripture (Gospel according to St. Matthew, xxvii. 52.)

“And

“ And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves; and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.”

It is somewhat remarkable that neither St. Luke nor St. John should take the least notice of this prodigious event. Even St. Mark, who onely copies or abridges St. Matthew, seems to have been fearful of trusting, in this particular, to his readers faith. COLLINS.

p. 48.

Cæs. — Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We *were* two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

The old copies read *beare*, which Theobald changed into *were*. Upton, says mr. Steevens, would read *we are*: an emendation, which common sense, as well as grammatical construction, requires us to adopt. The pointing, likewise, demands a flight improvement.

We are two lions, litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

p. 82.

On a small island near Mutina.] In whatever place the triumvirs actually met, it is evident that Shakspeare intended to place the scene *in Rome*.

p. 90.

Cæs. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.

The spirit of Cassiuses expostulation would be, perhaps, better preserved, if we were to point it thus:

You wrong me ; every way you wrong me, Brutus.

Brû.

p. 95.

Bru. ——— With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, *swallow'd fire.*

Mr. Steevens, after observing that this circumstance is taken from *Plutarch*, and that it is also mentioned by *Valerius Maximus*, says: “It may not be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto intitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported by Pliny, *I think*, to have died in Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad.”

This, indeed, though a rather extraordinary, is a tolerably easy method of overturning the credit of historians, and the existence of an historical fact. But, surely, with all the submission to the learned and ingenious commentator, due authority of Plutarch and Valerius Maximus is somewhat better than a vague idea of its being contradicted by Pliny.

p. 103.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep *thou* the left.

The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you*.

p. 119.

“Of this tragedy,” dr. Johnson says, “many particular passages deserve regard but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, &c.”

This is a strange charge. If nature have denyed to this great critic the ordinary feelings of humanity, is he therefor to accuse the poet? Surely, dr. Johnson is the onely person living who would not be ashamed to declare himself

U

insensible

insensible to the interesting and pathetic scenes of this admirable drama. So far from Shakspeares adherence "to the real story and to Roman manners" having "impeded the natural vigour of his genius," he seems to have risen with the grandeur and importance of his subject; and, if there be any one play in these volumes which affects the heart more than the rest it may be safely averred to be this of Julius Cæsar. And he who is not "agitated in perusing it" may defy the powers of poetry to move him.

The characters or dogmatical criticisms subjoined by the above learned philosopher at the end of each play are generally (as in the present instance) as unjust in themselves, as injurious to the immortal author; and, in many cases, could onely proceed from one who either had not read the drama reviewed, or, from some natural defect, was insensible of its beauty and merit.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

p. 130.

Char. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And *foretel* every wish, a million.

That is, says dr. Johnson, *if you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* The text, as dr. Warburton justly observes, is nonsense, and this explanation is as bad. She asks the soothsayer how many children she is to have: *why*, says he, *if all your wishes had wombs, and [I should]*

should] *foretel every wish, you would have a million.* Ridiculous! Is that any answer to her question? He *does* foretel how many she will have. Dr. Warburton reads *fertil*, which restores sense and spirit to the whole passage.

p. 142.

Cleo. ——— Can Fulvia die?

Notwithstanding the ingenious comment upon this passage by Mr. Steevens, one may be still inclined to think that Cleopatra means no more than——Is it possible that Fulvia should dye? I will not believe it.

p. 153.

Alex. ——— So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an *arm-gaunt steed*,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Mr. *Seyward*, says Dr. Johnson, in his preface to *Beaumont*, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove that an *arm-gaunt steed* is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm*, adds he, is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. “*Arm gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying *lean* for *want*, ill-fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent: the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse.”

It is somewhat remarkable that when this great critic is desirous to introduce his own note on a passage whereon a much better has been already written, he generally begins his observation by ridiculing that of his predecessor. Mr. Seward, (not *Seyward* as Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Malone, have every where

throughout this edition corrupted his name) explains the word *arm-gaunt* by *thin shoulders*, which, he says, is known to be one of the principal beauties of a horse. And he adds that the epithet has, from the uncommon use of either part of the compound word in this sense, an *antique dignity* and grandeur in sound that poets much delight in. (The reader will observe the difference between *thin shoulders* and *lean shoulders*; the former being a beauty, the latter a defect.) And this dr. Johnson calls an *elaborate endeavour to prove*. Not recollecting that his own attempt is more elaborate, and much less ingenious and successful. *Arm* may be the Teutonic word for want; and yet one would like to have some better proof of its existence than the bare dictum of one so little acquainted with ancient languages as dr. Johnson is. And even when that is given we should still be glad to know how Shakspeare came by it. Dr. Johnsons observation that this steed was a post-horse is "impertinent;" as a post-horse would scarcely have made any distinction between Antony and his groom: and yet the author represents it so proud of its burthen that its neigh silenced the by-standers.

p. 190.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to *them*.

The last word makes it evident that we should read *meanings*.

p. 197.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

He bears

The third part of the world . . .

Menas

Menas. The third part then *he* is drunk : would it were all,
That it might go on wheels.

This should have been corrected to

The third part then *is* drunk : would it were all.

p. 216.

Mec. And gives his potent regiment to a *trull*.

Trull, dr. Johnson says, was not, in our authors time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of flight contempt, as *wench* is now. It may be difficult to know what the learned commentator conceives to be a term of mere infamy. But thus much is certain, that *trull*, in the age of Shakspeare, signified a *strumpet*, and so he uses it.

p. 227.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer.

Sword-dances at Christmas are not peculiar to Northumberland ; they are common to the adjoining counties ; and are, not without the greatest probability, supposed to have descended from the Romans (17). In these dances the sword-points are generally over the shoulders of the performers. Antony means that Cæsar stood inactive with his sword on his shoulder.

p. 266.

Ant. Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon.

Shakspeare, mr. Steevens thinks, might have taken part of this imagery from Heywood's *Silver age*, 1613. If the *Silver*

(17) *Pyrrhy* (Pyrrhic)-*dancers* is a name still given in the North to the streamers or Northern lights : doubtless, from the imaginary resemblance between their figure and motion, and those of the Sword-dancers or Plough-boys, who always exhibit in their shirts.

age, however, were not printed before that year it is more likely that Shakspeare furnished Heywood.

p. 277.

Cleo. ——— not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be *brooch'd* with me.

Brooch, says dr. Percy, is properly a bodkin or some such instrument, originally a spit; and ladies bodkins, adds he, being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general; in which sense, he says, it is, perhaps, used at present, or as probably in its original one for *pinned up*, &c.

A *brooch* is always an ornament; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may may assume. A *broach* is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the Northern counties; as *Darn-ton-broach*. *Brooch'd*, in the text, certainly means *adorn'd*; as it has been properly explained by mr. Steevens.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

p. 323.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens; — Happy men!

Mr. Steevens would read — *Happy man!* thinking it the happiness of Timon, and not that of the senators, upon which the poet means to exclaim. But the text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in
being

being Timons friends, and familiarly admitted to his table to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty.

P. 324.

Poet. Apemantus even he *drops down*
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timons nod.

Either Shakspeare, mr. Steevens says, meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes his behaviour is cynical to Timon as to his followers.

The behaviour of Apemantus is justly represented, and yet the note might have been spared; the authors consistency being liable to no charge. The poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests. The critic, indeed, knows the contrary, but the speaker did not.

p. 326.

Timon. I am not of that feather to shake off
 My friend when he *must need* me.

The sense would be certainly improved by reading thus;

I am not of that feather to shake off
 My friend when he *most needs* me.

P. 361.

Tim. Purchance, some single vantages you took.
 When my indisposition put you back;
 And that unaptness made *your* minister,
 Thus to excuse yourself.

This is perfectly unintelligible. "So, however," says dr. Johnson, "the original." The later editions, he tells us, have all:

—— made you minister.

Which is right. It is the reading of the second folio.

p. 362.

Var. — My dear lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, *yet now's too late a time.*

The old editions read

Though you hear now (*too late*) *yet now's a time.*

That is, according to dr. Warburton, "Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent, by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries." Sir T. Hanmer, it seems, made the alteration, which, though undoubtedly wrong, dr. Johnson thought right, and admitted into his text. The old reading, however, is not properly explained by dr. Warburton, *Though I tell you this*, says Flavius, *at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it.* It is evident that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his masters friends,

p. 380.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your masters confidence was above mine;

Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Dr. Johnson, whose understanding frequently starts at the plainest passage, and makes those who have little of
their

their own, imagine difficulties where there are none, asks if this should not be, *else, surely, mine had equall'd*. The answer is easy: it should not. Mr. Malone has, indeed, undertaken to justify the text; and given a long note upon it, which HE may possibly understand. Without taking further notice, however, of his see-saw conjectures, the meaning of the passage is evidently and simply this: *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise, his* (i. e. my masters) *debt* (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) *would, certainly, have been as great as your masters* (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master);—that is, my master, being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (i. e. my master) had thought it prudent to do so.

P. 397.

Tim. — maid, to thy masters bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel!

The sense, according to Mr. Steevens, is, Go, maid with security to thy masters bed, *for thy mistress is a bawd to thy amours*. This is not altogether so clear. One would rather suppose it to mean that the mistress frequented the brothel; and so Sir T. Hanmer understood it.

P. 411.

Tim. ——— those milk-paps,
 That through the window-bars bore at mens eyes.

The folios read *barne*, and not improperly. *En* is a common termination of a Saxon plural; which we, in numberless instances, retain to this day. The word is to be

explained by *bars*, but should not (though dr. Warburton calls it strange nonsense) have been removed from the text.

p. 429.

Apemantus retreats backward.

Would not this ingenious remark be much improved by reading,—*Apemantus advances backward?* Like the exercise of the city militia:—"Advance three paces backwards!"

The editors have, here and there, indulged us with a few of these little marginal pleasantries, which would not make a bad figure together. The reader may take a specimen:

Exit *Com. and Men.* (vii. 465.)

Exit *Worcester and Vernon.* (v. 405.)

Enter *Mortimer*, brought in a chair. (v. 220.)

Exit *Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.* (iv. 392.)

Exit *the queen, and Hamlet dragging in Polonius.* (x. 332.)

Exit *Ec.* (x. 509.)

p. 440.

Scene II.—Enter *Poet and Painter.*] "The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected, that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order; for the Painter alludes to
the

the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON."

Had the learned critic perused the small remainder of the Painters speech, he would have perceived another incongruity, of which he does not seem to be aware. In the immediately preceding scene (the first of the fifth act) Flavius, Timons steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene, a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—*'tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.* Where was it said? Why in Athens, whence, it must therefor seem, they are but newly come. *Here* then should be fixed the commencement of the *fifth act*, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we, in this case, to account for Apemantuses announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is possible that, when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them: and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefor returned back into the city.

P. 452.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
 Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
 Dead sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb?
 I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax.

Dr. Warburton proposes *rear'd* for *read*, and says, that the foldier had onely seen the rude heap of earth. But dr. Johnson, who seems to have thought, that the chief part of his busyness consisted in a *totis viribus* opposition to the most judicious improvements of preceding commentators, and that there is as much honour to be got by the demolition, as by the erection, of an elegant structure, observes that the foldier “had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.”

Now with all proper deference to the misunderstanding and confusion under which the learned critic labours in the above note, it is evident that the foldier, when he first sees the heap of earth does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes that Timon must be dead, because he receives *no answer*. It is likewise evident that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has *not* seen the inscription. And dr. Warburtons emendation is therefor not onely just and happy, but absolutely necessary. *What can this heap of earth be?* says the foldier. — *Timon is certainly dead, some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it.*—Yes, *he is dead, sure enough, and this must be his grave.* What is this writing upon it?

Dr.

Dr. Johnson is not content with representing the soldier as peevish; he makes him a perfect fool. For thus, according to the sagacious commentators exposition, will his soliloquy stand:—*I cannot read these letters; I must get some beast to read them for me; for, read they must be; and read, in this place, they cannot be, by man!* But, first, where was the so urgent necessity of the inscription being read at all? and, secondly, why could *no man* read it where it was?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

P. 477.

Mar. The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself, &c.

This passage convinces Mr. Steevens, that this play was the work of one conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language; and, therefore, not of Shakspeare. “We have here,” says he, “a pl in allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare.” If the fact were true, of which, however, neither Mr. Steevens, nor any man now living can be certain (18), numbers of printed tracts, and even large volumes, having perished since that period, as accidents and

(18) Theobald has supposed a passage in this play to have been gleaned from the *Hecuba* of Euripides. But, says Mr. Steevens, upon that occasion, “Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been translated. In the mean time because neither of these particulars are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story book of the Trojan war, or the old translation of Ovid.” Why should Mr. Steevens require a proof from Theobald of a circumstance which he himself here assumes as a matter of fact?

the researches of antiquarians dayly prove, still Shakspeare might have been indebted for the circumstance to some manuscript version, or the information of a more learned friend. Or (as is very probable) the same allusion may be contained in other old books. There are many expressions in the course of the play which do not prove the author to have been very familiar with the ancients. Among other instances which might be adduced, Marcus praises Lavinia for her excellent performance on the *lute*. And it will not be very easy to decide whether the characters, or, at least, the times are Christian or Heathen.

p. 483.

Chi. Not I; till I have sheath'd &c.

The editors have here adopted a transposition made by dr. Warburton, for which there is not the least reason. Onely the matter is not of sufficient consequence to dwell upon.

p. 484.

Dem. She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

Suffolk, in the *First part of king Henry VI.* makes use of almost the same words:

She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

How much or how little soever this may serve to prove, if facts and evidence be to determine our judgement, there cannot remain a doubt that this play of *Titus Andronicus* is as much Shakspeares as any other in this collection. It is not onely given to him by Meres, but is printed as his by the
editors

editors of the first folio, his fellow comedians and intimate friends, who neither could have been deceived themselves, nor could or would have deceived the public.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

p. 26.

Cre. — Women are angels, wooing ;
Things won are done, *joy's soul lies in the doing.*

So, says dr. Johnson, read both the old editions, for which, adds he, the later editors have poorly given :

— the soul's joy *lies in doing.*

Whatever may be the poverty of the expression, it did not originate with the later editors. It is the reading of the second folio.

p. 51.

Patr. No more words, Therfites ; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles' brooch* bids me, shall I ?

The folio and quarto editions, it seems, read *brooch*, which leads dr. Johnson to think the meaning equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on*. Mr. Malone, who, it must be confessed, generally comes forward to a very good or useful purpose, observes that *Brooch* had some meaning at present unknown. For, says he, in the following passage
in

in Lodges *Rosalynde*, 1592, it seems to signify something very different from a *pin* or a *bodkin*: "His bonnet was green, whereon stood a copper *brooch* with the picture of St. Dennis." A *brooch* is an *ornament*; likewise a *buckle* of uncommon workmanship, for the hat or breast. Such a one as had an image or figure of St. Dennis upon it, would probably conceal the pin or prong, which kept it fast to the hat or girdle. K. Lewis the eleventh of France generally wore a leaden figure of *St. Andrew* in his hat, which, perhaps, answered the purpose of a *brooch* or buckle.

Thus, in *Loves Labour Lost* (ii. 509) :

Biron. St. George's half cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

Brach is certainly the true reading.

P. 55.

Troi. — the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective *sieve*.

Sieve, it seems, is in the quarto. The folio, according to dr. Johnson, reads

— unrespective *fame* [same];

for which, he says, the modern editors have silently printed,

— unrespective *place*.

The learned commentator is so perfectly acquainted with the old copies that it is wonderful to find an ancient reading escape him! *Place*, however, cannot well be the silent interpolation of a modern editor, as it is to be found in the second folio.

Patr.

p. 62.

Patr. Why am I a fool?*Ther.* Make that demand of the prover.

So, says dr. Johnson, the quarto. The folio, adds mr. Steevens, profanely reads,—*of thy [to the] Creator*. This would be intelligible, however, which the adopted reading is not. And as to any *profaneness* there may be in the words rejected, which every person may not so readily discover, the author is answerable for it, not the editor.

P. 73.

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to night?*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,———*Pan.* What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.*Helen.* You must not know where he sups.*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my *disposer* Cressida.*Pan.* No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your *disposer* is sick.

Disposer dr. Warburton thinks should in both places be *dispouser*; she that would separate Helen from Paris. Dr. Johnson does not understand the word, nor know what to substitute in its place. He says, there is no variation in the copies. Mr. Steevens suspects that *you must not know when he sups*, should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. He thinks that *disposer* should be changed into *deposer*; and supposes that she addresses herself to Pandarus, and, by *deposer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine.

Mr. Steevenses conjecture is very ingenious and happy, but the propriety of his explanation is very doubtful. The dialogue should, perhaps, be regulated thus:

Y

Par.

Par. — where fups he to night ?

Helen. Nay, but my lord —

Pan. What fays my fweet queen ?

Par. My coufin will fall out with you. [*To Helen.*]

Pan. You must not know where he fups. [*To Paris.*]

Helen. I'll lay my life with my *depofer* Creffida.

She calls Creffida her *depofer*, not for either of the reasons affigned by mr. Steevens, but becaufe fhe had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus, in a preceding fcene, is ready to fwear *ſhe lov'd more than Paris*.

Dr. Johnfon mistakes in afferting the uniformity of the the copies. The fecond folio reads the fifth ſpeech thus :

Pan. With my diſpoſer Creffida.

p. 75.

Pan. *Ob ! ob ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha ! Hey ho !*

Hey ho.] This exclamation is thus added in the folio to the preceding line :

O ho grones out for ha ha ha—hey ho.

But the interjection is certainly no part of the ſong : and conſequently ſhould not appear in the ſame character : it is uttered by Pandarus after he has done ſinging. This is evident from Helens obſervation :

In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe.

p. 106.

Æne. Good, good, my lord ; the ſecrets of *neighbour Pandar*.

This reading was firſt introduced by mr. Pope from the old quarto. The folio reads,

—— the ſecrets of *nature* :

which is, ſurely, preferable ; neither the ſenſe nor the meaſure ſeeming to be much improved by the words adopted.

Æne.

p. 114.

Æne. The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let *us* make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegrooms fresh alacrity,
Let *us* address to tend on Hector's heels.

But why should *Diomed* say, *Let us make ready straight?*
Was *HE* to tend with them on *Hectors heels?* Certainly not.

Dio. has, therefor, crept in by mistake; the line either is
part of *Parises* speech, or belongs to *Deiphobus*, who is in
company. As to *Diomed*, he neither goes along with them,
nor has any thing to get ready:—he is now walking, with
Troilus and *Cressida*, toward the gate, on his way to the
Grecian camp.

p. 115.

Achil. 'Tis but early days?

Should not this be—*early day?*

p. 117.

Ulyss. May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg *then*.

Ulyss. Why then for *Venus'* sake give me a kifs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day and then a kifs of you.

For the sake of rime, *dr. Johnson* says, we should read:

Why beg two.

“ If you think kisses worth begging beg more than one.”

Neither rime nor reason requires the alteration. Ulysses asks her if he may *beg* a kiss; she says, he may; he then *desires* it: she bids him *beg*, which he does. The construction is plain enough; and if the rime be thought worth preserving by a violence to the text we may read:

Why beg *too*.

The remainder, upon which the same learned commentator has given an unintelligible note, might be regulated thus:

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake give me a kiss.

Cress. When Helen is a maid again, and his,
I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

p. 124.

Hel. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

This is rather a blunt way for a man to announce himself. Menelaus, indeed, does not appear to have been over and above well off in the article of friends, but, still, he was not reduced to the necessity of being his own puffer. The speech belongs to *Æneas*.

p. 126.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, *thou*!

“Should we not read—*though*?—TYRWHITT.”

“The repetition of *thou*! was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. STEEVENS.”

Yes;—but what has Ulysses said or done, that Achilles should mean to insult *him*. Besides, the ingenious critic never saw the word *thou*! thus used after a proper name. Mr. Tyrwhitt's proposal should certainly have been adopted.

Troi.

Troi. Hence, *broker lacquey!*—ignominy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

“Hence *brothel*, *lacquey!*—] For *brothel*, the folio reads *brother*, erroneously for *broker*, as it stands at the end of the play, where the lines are repeated. JOHNSON.”

Let us turn to *the end of the play*, and see what the critic says there.

“Hence, *broker lacquey!*—] So the quarto. The folio has *brother*. JOHNSON.”

The concordance of the two comments is surprising.

After all, however, *brothel lacquey* seems the best reading; though *broker* is certainly (in this place) the reading of the folio.

p. 155.

Nest. ——— like scaled *sculls*
Before the belching whale.

Sculls and *shoals* have not only one and the same meaning, but are, actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull of herrings* (and it is to these fish that the speaker alludes), so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*.

p. 162.

Achil. The dragon-wing of night o’erspreads the earth,
And, *stickler-like*, the armies separates.

A *stickler*, Mr. Steevens tells us, was one who stood by to part the combatants, &c. They are called *sticklers*, he says, from carrying *sticks* or *staves* in their hands. It is not here meant to question the propriety of Mr. Steevens’s explanation of the word: but the nature of the English language cannot possibly allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, with which, as a word, it has not the remotest connection.

nection. Besides, the giving *sticks* or *staves* to the *seconds* or *fidesmen* seems a mere *gratis-dictum*, for which the ingenious critic can have no authority, but such as he may be able to produce from the practice of *Paris-garden*. *Stickler* is, simply, from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy ones self on either side.

C Y M B E L I N E.

P. 175.

2 *Gent.* You speak him *far*.

1 *Gent.* I do *extend* him, fir, within himself.

Surely we should read *fair*. It is the sound which the other takes occasion to play upon.

p. 176.

1 *Gent.* A *glafs* that feated them.

Dr. Johnson, in his note upon this passage, is certainly wrong in saying that *Mirroure of Knighthood* does not give the idea of a *glafs*, but of an *example*. *Miroir de Chevalerie*, *Specchio di cavalleria*, *Espejo de cavallerias*, are all a *looking-glass for chivalry*. And so is the word properly rendered in our English versions of the history of Don Quixote, who is called “a looking-glass, in which all the valiant knights of the world may behold themselves.” But one might be glad to know who ever stiled *Don Bellianis* the *Mirroure of Knighthood* before dr. Johnson,

Jack,

p. 306.

Jack. — could this *carle*,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me.

“*Carle* is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. See the poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.”

It is a very common, but, at the same time, a very unreasonable practice in commentators and others, to bid their readers *see* this or that scarce book, of which it is, as they well know, frequently impossible for them to procure a sight. But never was this absurdity carryed to such an extent of mockery as it is in the present instance; where the learned prelate very coolly orders us to *inspect* a poem, onely extant, as he is well assured, and has elsewhere told us, in a certain FOLIO MS in *his own possession*, which, perhaps, no one *ever saw*, and which (if it really exist) he will, for his own sake, take effectual care that no one *shall see*.

Carl or *churl* (Ceopl, Sax.) is a clown, or husbandman.

K I N G L E A R.

p. 365.

France. Is it *no more* but this? a tardiness in nature.

These two words (*no more*) seem to be introduced or preserved merely to spoil the measure. They are not in either folio.

p. 372.

Glo. — All this done
Upon the *gad*.

To do upon the *gad*, says dr. Johnson, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad-fly.

This indeed is a mode of explanation which requires very little knowlege of ones author. It should not seem that cattle, stung by the gad-fly, are actuated by caprice. But whether or not is a circumstance foreign to the purpose. A thing done upon the *gad* is—done suddenly, or (as before) while the *iron is hot*. A *gad* is an *iron bar*. So in *I'll never leave thee*, a Scottish song, by Allan Ramsay :

Bid iceshogles hammer red *gads* on the studdy.

P. 415.

Kent. You take *vanity the puppets* part against the royalty of her father.

“ Alluding,” says dr. Johnson, “ to the *mysteries* or allegorical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices were personified.”

The description is applicable onely to the old *Moralities*, between which and the mysteries there was an essential difference, of which the learned commentator does not seem to have been aware.

P. 427.

Edg. ——— Poor Turlygood ! poor Tom !
That's something yet ;—*Edgar I nothing am*.

This dr. Johnson explains : “ As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law ; I have no longer any political existence.” And, surely, nothing can be more completely ridiculous. Outlawry is the effect of many legal proceedings in the ordinary course of justice, and neither the speaker, nor the author can have the least allusion to it.

The

The critics idea is both too complex and too puerile for one in Edgars situation. He is pursued, it seems, and proclaimed, *i. e.* a reward has been offered for taking or killing him. In assuming this character, says he, I may preserve myself; as Edgar I am inevitably gone.

P. 479.

Edg. *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.*

We should certainly read *burn*. The fools reply does not seem to have been any part of the original song; which is here given from an ancient MS. in the writers possession, where it is attended with the musical notes for three voices.

Come ou' p^e burn besse
 J^a lytyll p^aty besse
 Come ou' the burne besse to me.
 The burne ys pⁱs world blȳde
 & besse ys mākynd
 So ꝑpyr J can none fynd as she]
 She daunc^e & lepys
 & crist stōd^e & clepys
 Cū ou' the burne besse to me.

P. 480.

Fool. *Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Mr. Steevens thinks that *minikin* has been a term of endearment. But it onely means *small, little, slender*, as has been already observed (p. 44). *Thy minikin mouth* implies, *thy little* (and, therefor, perhaps, *pretty*) mouth.

Z

Edg.

p. 482.

Edg. Hound or spaniel, brache, or *lym*.

A *lym* seems to have been a large dog of the spaniel kind.

His coffin had a *Lyme bound* argent bright.

Harrington, Or. Fu. xli. 30.

Again :

His *Lyme* laid on his back, he couching down.

See the portrait of sir Johns faithful and favourite servant *Bungay* at the bottom of the engraved title. The word differently spelled, occurs again, p. 349.

Oliuero whose deuise is the *Spaniell*, or *lyam bound*.

p. 483.

Edg. *Sessy* ; come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns :—poor Tom, *thy horn is dry*.

Mr. Stevens seems rather to strain this last expression in explaining it to be a private address from Edgar to himself : “ I can no more : all my materials for sustaining the character of poor Tom are now exhausted.” His horn was what he carried his liquor in. And there is no necessity either for making him speak the words aside, or for giving them an allegorical signification. And even supposing the latter probable, they need onely mean *I can no more*, or *I have nothing left to say* ; the company, if they attended to him, would take the phrase in its most obvious and simple sense, *i. e.* that he had *nothing to drink*.

Dr. Johnson is, surely, right in supposing that *sessy* is a corruption of *cessiez*, be quiet, stop, hold, let alone. It is so used by Christofero Sly, the drunken tinker, in the *Taming of a Shrew* : and by Edgar himself, in a preceding scene.—*Dolphin, my boy, Sessy ; let him trot by*. But it
does

does not seem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *so, so*. Mr. Steevens would have it to mean *Sissy* (*Cecilia*) which is certainly wrong.

p. 506.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well.

“Goneril,” dr. Johnson observes, “is well pleased that Cornwall is destroyed who was preparing war against her and her husband, but is afraid of losing Edmund to the widow.”

It does not appear that Cornwall was making any hostile preparations against Albany. On the contrary, in act III. scene viii. Goneril is on a visit to Cornwall, who dispatches her with amicable letters to her husband. She is glad to hear of Cornwall's death, because, by her sisters, now rendered less difficult to compass, she could possess the whole kingdom.

p. 513.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with *your lady* at home?

Stew. No, madam.

The folio reads *your lord*; but, says dr. Johnson, *lady* is the first and better reading. If the learned critic had not been too indolent to look back, a few pages, to the second scene of this act, he would have found that, though *lady* may be the *first* and *better* reading, *lord* is the *true* and *right* one. For Goneril not onely *converses* with *lord Edmund*, in the *stewards presence*, but prevents him from *speaking to*, or even *seeing* her husband.

p. 535.

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Z 2

Phyf.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

The folio, mr. Steevens observes, gives these four lines to a *gentleman*. The quartos, it seems, distribute them very differently. But the ingenious critic will recollect that in the folio, the *gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *physician* is one and the same person: a circumstance he does not appear to have at all attended to.

P. 547.

The *goujeres* shall devour them, &c.

“The resolute John Florio,” dr. Farmer says, “has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes with a *good yeare* to thee!” and gives it in Italian, “*Il mal' anno che dio ti dia.*”

But does the ingenious commentator really suppose that John meant a *blessing* instead of a *curse*? In fact, the pedant is guilty of no mistake:—that he intended these very *goujeers* is evident from the folio of Shakspeare, where it is said,

The *good yeares* shall devour them.

And this was the usual spelling of that age.

P. 550.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

“Whether he [who?] shall not or shall [what?] depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.”

This ingenious and occult annotation is grounded on and supported by CANON XV. which allows the professed critic to “*explaine a difficult passage by words absolutely unintelligible.*”

There

There is not, it may be here observed, one of the Canons which could not be properly illustrated and supported by numerous examples from the margin of the last edition.

Albany means to tell his wife, that, however she might want the power, she evidently did not want the inclination, to prevent the match.

P. 555.

Edg. Let us exchange charity.

“Our author,” says dr. Johnson, “by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity.”

Does the learned critic mean to insinuate that benevolence, or a forgiveness of injuries could not subsist without a belief in christianity? That *heathens* could not act like *men*? The contrary, it is believed, is so much a fact, that it would be no paradox to affirm, because it might be very easily proved, that all the moral virtues were better understood, and more regarded by Heathen Greece, and Pagan Rome, than they have been by any Christian state since the invention or introduction of that system. And what would the great philosopher think, if it were to be made appear that the first Christians borrowed (or, rather, stole, for they took without acknowledgement) all their morality from the professors of Paganism? Indeed it must be absurd to suppose for a single moment, that they who had more *sense* than their successors, had not, at least, as much *virtue*.

p. 564.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say no.

The modern editors, mr. Steevens says, have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two lines;
but

but the speech, he thinks, rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man; and, adds that, as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, he has forborn to insert any.

The construction mr. Steevens puts upon Kents speech is not meant to be disputed. But, it might have been as well, if, before he had charged his death upon the *modern editors*, and asserted that the *old editions* give no direction about it, he had consulted *those editions*. For nothing can be more certain than that the second folio, at the end of this speech, has the word *Dyes* in the margin:

The folios give the couplet thus:

I have a journey, fir, shortly to go:

My master calls me, I must not say no.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

P. 14.

Ben. — What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out ———

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

“I,” says dr. Percy, “take *out* not to be an imperfect part of a sentence cut off by aposiopesis; but rather the interjection

tion still used in the north, where they say *Out!* much in the same sense as we now say *fye!*"

Mr. Steevens very pertinently asks the doctor why Romeo should say *fye!* on being asked if he were in love. But Mr. Steevens gives no opinion.

It is evident that this word *out* (which is neither an interjection, nor cut off by apostrophe) would, in case Romeo had not been interrupted, have been, as it is, the first of his following speech:

Out of her favour, &c.

p. 18.

Rom. These happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows.

i. e. says Mr. Steevens, the masks worn by female spectators of the play. But this is by no means so certain. And there is little reason for thus forcing improprieties upon the author, of which he may not be guilty. *These* or *those* merely refers to the masks worn by ladies: Shakspeare knew it to be a custom in London, and supposed it to be one in Verona.

p. 21.

Cap. Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads —

Dr. Johnson reads *yeomen*: which, though Mr. Steevens does not agree with him, seems, at least, to be the interpretation of *young men*: as these words are, perpetually, used for *yeomen*, in old writings. See particularly the legends of Robin Hood and Adam Bell. So, in a subsequent scene of this very play, *yew trees* are, in the old editions called, *yong trees*.

I

Rom.

P. 34.

Rom. I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

An allusion to an old proverbial saying which advises to
“give over, when the game is at the fairest.”

P. 40.

Merc. This is that very Mab
That *bakes* the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs.

If all the old copies read *bakes*, which Mr. Steevens says they do, what authority had Mr. Pope to make the alteration? and why is it followed?

P. 44.

Cap. Nay, fit, nay, fit, good *cousin* Capulet.

This cousin Capulet, Dr. Johnson observes, is *unkle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably, he says, the right word in both places.

Each reading is right in its place. *Cousin* was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degrees of parent and child, brother and sister. Thus, in *Hamlet*, the king, his uncle and step-father, addresses him with,

But now my *cousin* Hamlet, and my *son*.

And in this very play, act III. lady Capulet says,

Tybalt my *cousin*!—O my *brother's* child.

So, in *As you like it*:

Ros. Me, *uncle*?

Duke. You, *cousin*!

And Olivia, in the *Twelfth Night*, constantly calls her *uncle* Toby *cousin*.

Enter

p. 50.

Enter Chorus.] The use of this chorus, dr. Johnson thinks, is not easily discovered as it relates nothing but what is already known or what the next scene will shew. Indeed it seems to have been brought out merely to fill up part of the vacancy of time between the acts, instead of a piece of music. The groundlings of that age, like the rooflings of the present, would, doubtless, be ever impatient to know what was to come next.

p. 52.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be comforted with the *humorous* night.

Mr. Steevens brings some instances from other authors to prove that Shakspeare means *humid*: and mr. Malone, who is remarkable for the pertinence, propriety, and real importance of his learned and ingenious remarks, adds the following note:

“ Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ The *vaporous* night approaches.”

To prove, no doubt, that Shakspeare, as he has here used *humorous* for *humid*, there uses *vaporous* for *vapid*.

p. 53.

Mer. And with his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.

As maids, &c.] “ After this line,” says mr. Steevens, “ in the quarto 1597, I find two other verses, containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that either the poet or his friends knew sometimes how to blot.” Surely the

A a

poet

poet and his friends are under very little obligation to the ingenious commentator for producing an indecent passage which he supposes one or other of them to have already suppressed. But, after all, the learned editor is mistaken : for, despicable as the lines are, they were NOT blotted either by the poet or by his friends :—and if he will take the trouble of turning to either of the folios he will THERE find them.

P. 54.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

That is, says dr. Johnson, Mercutio jests (who has just left the scene and) whom he overheard. But, with all due submission, it does not appear that Romeo either did, or could, nor is there any occasion that he should, hear Mercutio. *He* (that person) *jests*, &c. is merely in allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosaline, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear from the conversation he has with Mercutio just before they go to Capulets.

p. 56.

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy ;
Thou art thyself, though *not* a Montague.
What's Montague ? &c.

There is, certainly, some obscurity in this passage ; which might, possibly be remov'd by reading :

Thou art thyself, though *yet* a Montague.

Or, thus :

Thou art thyself, *although* a Montague.

At least, Juliets meaning seems to be, that though he was a Montague by name, and, therefor, her enemy, yet for his person and mind, *i. e.* as a man, she might still be
allowed

allowed to love him. Either of the above proposed readings (which yet are only for the margin) seem as good as this, which dr. Johnson thinks the true one :

Thou art thyself, *then* not a Montague.

And certainly much better than this of Hanmer :

Thou 'rt not *thyself* so, *though* a Montague.

The subsequent lines, which in the present edition stand thus :

What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part :

What's in a name, &c.

and in the folio thus :

What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, O be some other name

Belonging to a man.

What's in a name, &c.

should, perhaps, be thus regulated :

What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face [nor any other part]

Belonging to a man. O be some other name.

What's in a name ? &c.

The words, *nor any other part*, which are in the quarto editions, seem to have been omitted in the folio by inadvertency.

p. 57.

Rom. My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death *prorogued*, wanting of thy love.

To *prorogue*, mr. Steevens observes, has not, in this place, its common signification, but means to *delay*. And what is its common signification, but to *delay* ? When

the king *prorogues* the parliament, he only defers or puts off its meeting to a future day.

p. 65.

Fri. Holy St. Francis! &c.

“ Old copy, *Jesu Maria!* STEEVENS.”

And why not this?

p. 68.

Mer. A pox of such antick, lisping, affecting *fantasticoes*.

Thus the *old copies*, says mr. Steevens, and rightly. The *modern editors*, adds he, read *phantasies*.

The folio, however, which is generally looked upon as an *old copy*, does NOT read *fantasticoes*; and Heminge and Condell, who are not *usually* ranked among *modern editors*, read *phantacies*.

p. 78.

Nurse. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. *R is for the dog.* No; I know it begins with some other letter.

The old reading appears to be — *R is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter.* The alteration adopted was proposed by mr. Tyrwhitt, and is certainly superior to either dr. Warburtons (*Thee? no*) or dr. Johnsons (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated, *e. g.*

Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with some other letter.

In any case the long notes preceding mr. Tyrwhitts might be well spared, being now wholly impertinent to the text.

Friar.

p. 83.

Friar. Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too *swift* arrives as *tardy* as too *slow*.

Alluding to the vulgar proverb : *The more haste the worse speed.*

p. 84.

Jul. But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up *half my sum* of wealth.

The old copies, according to mr. Steevens, read :

I cannot sum up *sum of half* my wealth :

And :

I cannot sum up *some* of half my wealth.

The following would, therefor, be nearer the original reading, than the present text :

I cannot sum up *th'* sum of half my wealth.

p. 99.

Juliet. Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
Your tributary drops belong to *woe*,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to *joy*.

Mr. Steevens thinks the words *woe* and *joy* should change places ; otherwise, says he, her reasoning is inconclusive. The learned critic does not seem to have paid his usual attention to the passage. The text is certainly right. Juliet says that she has more reason to *rejoice* than to be *sorry* at Tybalts death, and that therefor her tears are egregiously mistimed.

p. 100.

Jul. That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.

“ Hath

“Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being.”
JOHNSON.”

Out of being? why, where was he before? The true meaning is: *I am more affected by Romeos banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt.*

p. 109.

Jul. It was the *nightingale*, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear:
Nightly she sits on yon pomegranate tree.

“This is not,” Mr. Steevens says, “merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale that, if undisturbed, *she* sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together.”

It may be very true; but the learned critic will recollect that it can only be so of the *he*, and not of the *she* nightingale: as the latter *never sings*. The discovery is not, indeed, of the age of Shakspeare—but what of that?

p. 111.

Jul. Hunting thee hence with *hunts up* to the day.

The *hunts up*, Mr. Steevens says, was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. And, in proof of it, he quotes a number of passages; to which, if he please, he may add the following from Charles Cottons *Virgil Travestie* (which, indeed, it is somewhat extraordinary he should omit):

I'll *play* the rakehells such a *hunts up*.

There was likewise a little rude song, which, it is supposed was formerly in use on this occasion, as we learn
from

from Puttenham, *Art of English Poesie*, 1589. "One Gray," says he, "what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry [the eighth], and afterward with the duke of Somerset protectour, for making certain merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*" Whether the following be the identical *merry ballade*, doth not clearly appear; it is, however, very old:

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And now it is almost day;
And he that's a bed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away.

Master Gray was, probably, author of both words and music; and the tune may have remained in use, after the words were forgot.

p. 128.

Jul. ——— gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state.

Dr. Johnson, with that candour and politeness for which he is so remarkable, observes, that Juliet plays most of her *pranks* under the appearance of religion. Perhaps, says he, Shakspeare meant to *punish* her *hypocrisy*. If he had, we should, without doubt, have been, some how or other, informed of it. But Shakspeare would never have given the little innocent excuses her virtue and conjugal fidelity prompt her to make use of so harsh a name.—Sweet Juliet! little did'st thou dream, that, in addition to thy misfortunes, the unfullyed purity of thy angelic mind should, at this distance of time, be subject to the rude breath of criticism!—But rest in peace, sweet faint! thy
fair

fair untainted name shall live—live in thy Shakspeares page—when even the critics memory is no more.

p. 136.

Cap. O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride.

Mr. Steevens is willing to suppose that this passage may have been coarsely ridiculed in Deckers *Satiromastix*:

“Dead: she’s Death’s bride; he hath her maidenhead.”

The ingenious commentator, who pursues such objects with, perhaps, too much avidity, might have caught a much more likely hint in another place, from Juliets own mouth. The judicious reader, however, will find many opportunities to remark, that numerous expressions which are now degraded by vulgar currency, were perfectly innocent and polite in the age of Shakspeare.

Ibi.

Cap. Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death’s.

“*Death is my son-in-law, &c.*] The remaining part of the speech I have restored from the quarto, 1609. STEEVENS.”

It is unfortunate that the industrious editor did not know that the lines *restored* are in both the folios.

p. 139.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the *gleek*:

The use of this cant term is no where explained; and, in all probability, cannot at this distance of time be recovered.

To *gleek*, however, signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps, to *jest*, according to the coarse humour of that age. So Bottom, *Midsummer Nights Dream*, act III. scene i.

— Nay I can *gleek* upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly, indeed, any sort of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with—a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is *in the dumps*.

p. 141.

Pet. It is—*musick with her silver sound*, because *such fellows as you* have no gold for sounding.

Instead of *fellows*, which is the reading of the old quarto in 1597, later editions, Mr. Steevens observes, have *musicians*. “I should suspect,” adds he, “that a *fidler* made the alteration.”—But does the ingenious commentator really imagine that *such fellows* were the editors of subsequent impressions, or had even power to alter the language of Shakspeare whenever they were displeased at it? The change was, less doubtfully, made by the author, out of compliment to, or upon a remonstrance from, the *Gentlemen of the orchestra*.

p. 145.

Rom. ——— famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression *starveth* in thine eyes.

The first quarto, Mr. Steevens informs us, reads:

“ And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

B b

The

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio, as in the text.

The modern editors, without authority :

“ Need and oppression *stare* within their eyes.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus :

Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes ; though *starved* *famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy not thine* is the reading of the folio. And those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation.

p. 147.

Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge
Of dear import.

That is, it was not a mere letter of compliment or ceremony.

p. 150.

Rom. Thou *detestable* maw, thou womb of death.

Détestable is right. So Spenser (*Faerie Queen.* I. i. 26) :

That *detestable* fight him much amaz'd.

Which mr. Church has not been ashamed to declare read better, “ in *his ear*,” *detèstable*. Such an ear totally disqualified him for an editor of Spenser.

The modern pronunciation has arisen from vulgarity and ignorance : the word being not formed of the verb *detest* but derived from *detestable*, F. *detestabilis*, L. Thus, *admirable*, *comparable*, &c.

The

The words *persevere* [*persever*] and *perseverance* are in the same predicament: always right in Shakspeare; and always wrong at present.

p. 151.

Rom. ——— I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury.

The quarto, 1597, it seems, has: *heap* not. The quartos, 1599 and 1609, and all the folios:—*Put* not.—Mr. Rowe first made the change, which mr. Steevens (and we are much indebted both to his sagacity and friendship) informs us, “ may be *discontinued* at the *readers pleasure*.” The editors duty, however, and not the readers pleasure ought to have determined the matter. The reader has it not in his power to discontinue any thing, but the perusal of the book. Either of the other words would answer as well.

p. 152.

Rom. How oft, when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, *how* may I
Call this a lightning.

Dr. Johnson thinks we should read:

——— O, *now* may I
Call this a lighting?

But *how* is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but *how*, says he, (for no situation can exempt Shakspeares characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*.

P. 155.

Rom. ——— O here
Will I set up my everlasting *rest*.

This, again, is a quibble between the implement formerly used by foot soldiers, and the certain quiet of a future state.

The writer of these notes will here take occasion to observe, as one of the many great excellencies of this immortal bard, that no author, ancient or modern, ever sacrificed less to the reigning superstition of the time than himself. Whatever may be the temporary religion, Popish or Protestant, Paganism or Christianity, if its professors have the slightest regard for genius or virtue, Shakspeare, the poet of nature, addicted to no system of bigotry, will always be a favourite. There never was but one set of men who professed open enmity to his name and writings, and they were, at the same time, the declared and most virulent enemies of literature and morality, in every shape: It is scarcely necessary to add the mention of the barbarous enthusiasts of the last century; one, and perhaps the best founded of whose charges against that great and good monarch whom they so savagely murdered was—his intimacy with the writings of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE!!!—The circumstance would, at this time, at least, pass unnoticed in such a miscreant as *Cooke*, to whom a hatred of letters was as natural as it was to his more illustrious predecessor *Jack Cade*:—but when we see Milton—the sublime Milton—insisting upon the enormity of this amiable trait in the character of his murdered and libeled sovereign—our contempt for and detestation of the act is equaled by our surprise to find *him* the assassin!

Lau.

p. 163.

Lau. I will be brief, &c.] Dr. Johnson thinks it "much to be lamented that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew." It was necessary, however, that the surviving characters should be made acquainted with the circumstances which produce the catastrophe, and we should have had more reason to condemn the poet for being *brief* than *tedious*. That our judicious author knew when to tell his story behind the curtain, and when upon the stage, is evident from the next play; and it was, perhaps, to avoid a sameness between the conclusion of that and present, that he has made the friar reveal the transaction to the audience; which naturally introduces the reconciliation of the two families and the moral reflections at the end of the scene, which, whatever the critic may think, are too valuable to be sacrificed to his mere rule and compass abridgement of it.

p. 165.

Prince. And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost *a brace of kinsmen*.

What kinsmen? *Mercutio*, doubtless, is one, and *Ben-volio*, we may presume is the other. The line, therefore, which communicated the tidings of the latter's death to the audience, p. 162.

And young *Ben-volio* is *deceased* too,

and which Mr. Steevens rejects, as he supposes Shakspeare to have done, "as unnecessary slaughter," should be restored to the text. His death should seem to have been occasioned by grief for the death of one friend, and the banishment

nishment of the other: and we nowhere find that the prince was any way related to either the Capulets, or the Montagues.

H A M L E T (19).

p. 170.

Ber. If you do meet *Horatio and Marcellus*,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

By *rivals* the speaker certainly means *partners* (according to dr. Warburton's explanation), or those whom he expected to watch with him. Marcellus had watched with him before; whether as a centinel, a volunteer, or from mere curiosity we do not learn: but whichever it was, it seems evident that his station was on the same spot with Bernardo, and that there is no other centinel by them relieved. Possibly Marcellus was an officer, whose duty it was to visit each watch, and perhaps continue with it some time. Horatio, as it appears, watches out of curiosity. But in act II. scene i. to Hamlet's question, *Hold you the watch to-night?* Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, all answer, *we do, my honour'd lord*. The folio, indeed, reads *both*, which one may, with greater propriety, refer to Marcellus and Bernardo. If we did not find the latter gentleman in such good company, we might have taken him to have been like

(19) Dr. Johnson's assertion, that "this play is printed in the folio of 1623 more correctly, than almost any other of the works of Shakespeare," could only proceed from his never having looked into it. If any one play is in that edition more incorrect than all the rest, it is Hamlet. Even the accuracy of Mr. Steevens has suffered some hundreds of its various readings to escape him.

Francisco,

Francisco, whom he relieves, an honest, but common, soldier. The strange indiscriminate use of Italian and Roman names in this and other plays makes it obvious that the author was very little conversant in even the rudiments of either language.

p. 185.

King. But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son.

Ham. A little more than KIN and less than KIND.

i. e. we are, indeed, somewhat too nearly *related*, but our relationship favours very little either of *nature* or *affection*.

Why the page of Shakspeare should be loaded and disgraced with such a quantity of ill-founded and injudicious notes, is a question that every reader will find frequent occasion to ask. To any one acquainted with the language of Shakspeare and of nature, the sense of this passage was sufficiently clear. Bishop Warburton and dr. Johnson, out of the abundance of their misunderstanding, have done every thing in their power to confound it; and those who look upon them to be the most intelligent and sagacious of all possible critics, are naturally led to conceive difficulties which do not exist. Mr. Steevens has established the true reading, and, if there be any necessity for a note, his, with a little alteration, should alone remain, and all the others be consigned to the oblivion they so well merit.

p. 188.

King. — Let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne;

And with no less nobility of love,

Than that which dearest father bears his son,

Do I impart toward you.

“ The crown of Denmark was *elective*. STEEVENS.”

Whereever the learned commentator acquired this piece of knowlege, certain it is, that his quotation from *Sir Clyomon* proves no such thing :

And me possess for spoused wife, who in *election* am

To have the crown of Denmark here, as *heir unto the same*.

For it clearly appears, from this, that she was to take the crown by *hereditary right*. The words in *election* implying no more than that she had *such right* by the *election*, the *chosenness*, the *elevation* of her rank and family. The king tells Hamlet that he is *the most immediate to the throne*, i. e. *heir apparent*, or, at least, *presumptive heir*, which would be absurd, on an idea that the crown was elective. (See also the conversation of Laertes with his sister, in scene iii.)

Impart most assuredly means *profess myself, bear me towards you*; and not what dr. Johnson says, (i. e. *communicate* whatever I can bestow) whose note, as well as mr. Steevenses, should be entirely expunged.

p. 190.

Ham. Or that the everlasting had not *fix'd*,
His *canon* 'against self-slaughter.

A quibble between *ordnance* and *ecclesiastical decrees*. Mr. Steevens is an advocate for the former sense; mr. Theobald for the latter. What happyness, what immortal glory, to be the conciliator of such contending chieftains in criticism!

p. 210.

Pol. For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select, and generous chief, in that.

This pointing, which comes recommended by mr. Steevens, makes the most ingenious and absolute nonsense of the whole passage. The folios read:

Are of a most select and generous cheff in that,
without any punctuation. The genuine meaning of the
passage requires us to point the line thus :

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

i. e. the nobility of France are select and generous above
all other nations, and chiefly in the point of apparel; the
richness and elegance of their dress.

p. 208.

Ham. ——— That these men, ———
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery or *fortune's star* ———

One of the quarto editions (and the editors have not con-
descended to inform us that the passage is, in consequence
no doubt of the authors own alteration, omitted in the
folios) reads *scar*, which dr. Johnson thinks more proper.
But dr. Johnson did not, perhaps, know, neither does it
appear that mr. Steevens could acquaint him, that the
word *star*, in the text, signifies a *scar* of *that appearance*.
It is a term of *farriery*: the *white star* or mark so common
on the forehead of a dark coloured horse is, according to
another humane practice, peculiar, it is believed, to this
generous country, usually produced by making a *scar* on
the place.

Ibi.

——— The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of *worth* out,
To his own scandal.

This must be allowed a very difficult, and perplexed
passage. But as mr. Steevens proposed reading (*doth all
the noble substance* oft do out), or rather, indeed, mr. Holts
(*Doth all the noble substance* oft adopt), comes nearest to the
traces of the original

C c

(—The

(— The dram of *ease*
Doth all the noble substance of a *doubt*),

it ought to have been inserted in preference to Theobalds. And the whole speech, from the fourth line, should have been thrown to the bottom of the page, or, perhaps, totally omitted, as apparently rejected, by the author, upon a revision of his play.

P. 214.

Hor. ——— To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will *direct* it.

“Perhaps,” says dr. Farmer, “it may be more apposite to read, heaven will *detect* it.”

Horatio asks to what issue this strange busyness will come, and not receiving any answer from Marcellus, at least one to his purpose, very naturally adds, Heaven will *direct* or *lead* it. Dr. Farmer and Horatio seem to be thinking of two distinct subjects: the latter is reflecting upon the *appearance of the ghost*; the former upon the *rottenness of the state*.

P. 217.

Ghost. I find thee apt,

And duller should'st thou be than the *fat weed*

That *rots itself* in ease on Lethe's wharf,

Would'st thou not stir in this.

Rots itself, is the reading of the two first folios; that of the *quarto*, mr. Steevens informs us (but as there are more quartos than one, we should have been more obliged to him if he had told us to *which* he alludes, and what the *others* read), is *roots*: and mr. Pope followed it: though mr. Steevens thinks the superiority of the present reading apparent.

parent. "To be in a quiescent state" he says, "(i. e. to *root itself*) affords an idea of activity." Very little activity, one would imagine, is necessary for the purpose of a weed *rooting itself*; and that little is made almost none, when it *roots itself in ease*. To *rot*, he thinks, better suits with the dullness and inaction to which the ghost refers." "And yet," adds he, "the accusative case *itself* may seem to demand the verb *roots*." And with that reading the text would certainly be better. For, setting aside the impropriety of giving an *active* signification to a *neuter* verb, it is far from being either necessary or even proper that the ghost should have any allusion to *rottenness* and *decay*: fatness and stupidity being generally attended, at least in this world, with a tolerable share both of good health and of good fortune.

P. 231.

Pol. Good sir, *or so*; or friend or gentleman.

This is the reading of all the old copies; and there is not a more plain, simple, certain (20), and intelligible line in these ten volumes; nor one that has more exercised the attention and ingenuity of the learned and sagacious commentators. Such readers as are better acquainted with Shakspeare than with the modern improvements upon him,

(20) That it is the true reading is sufficiently proved by what Reynoldo, a few lines lower, says to Polonius, who asks,

Where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence,

At friend, *or so*, or gentleman.

But this last line, though certainly useful,—though printed in the folios,—is not taken the least notice of in this editorial specimen of accuracy and perfection.

will not be displeased to see a list of their several *emendations*.

Dr. WARBURTON: *Good fir, or fire, i. e. father.*

Dr. JOHNSON: *Good, fir, forsooth, or friend or gentleman.*

Mr. STEEVENS: *Good fir, or so forth, friend or gentleman.*

Mr. TYRWHITT: *Good fir, or fir, &c.*

Each of these proposals is recommended by a long note; and there is, besides, a *memoir* by the reverend and learned dr. Percy, upon the word *forsooth*. Illustrious critics! how much is the spirit of Shakspeare indebted to your unparalleled generosity, and unexampled friendship!

p. 236.

Guil. But, we both obey,
And here give up ourselves *in the full bent*
To lay our service freely at your feet —

Bent dr. Warburton would have to be *endeavour, application*. He is wrong: it means, *inclination, will, resolution, desire*.

p. 238

Vol. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him *threescore thousand crowns in annual-fee*.

Fee in this place, says mr. Steevens, signifies *reward, recompence*. The word *annual*, however, might have inclined him to find some other meaning for it. The king gave his nephew a *feud* or *fee* (in land) of that yearly value. The folio reads the line thus:

Gives him *three thousand* crowns in annual fee.

But

But mr. Theobald, and the^r present editors after him, thinking *that* too little for a prince, have very liberally (upon the credit of some of the old quarto editions) enlarged his income to 60,000. To be sure the interpolation spoiled the measure: but as the critic has for this licence the authority of one of the CANONS, nothing is to be objected on that head.

P. 247.

Ham. — *Conception* is a blessing; but not as your daughter may *conceive*.

This reading is not explained. *Conception* (understanding), says Hamlet, is a blessing, but the *conception* (pregnancy) of your daughter would not be one.

P. 255.

Ros. ——— An aiery of little *eyases* ———

Mr. Theobald had no such mighty reason to plume himself on having done what is just equal to nothing at all: for *Yases* (the old reading), had he known how to pronounce it, would not have been found to differ, in any very extraordinary degree, from his most sagacious emendation.

P. 258.

Ham. Then came each actor on his *afs*.

This, says dr. Johnson, *seems* to be a line of an old ballad. He has, therefor, caused it to be printed in the Italic character. But there appears no other ground for the supposition, than the good doctors opinion, which is not sufficient in these matters to authorise an alteration in the type.

Poi.

Ibi.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, *historical-pastoral*, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical, *historical-pastoral*] scene undividable, &c.

“The words within the crotchets,” says Mr. Steevens, “I have *recovered* from the folio, and *see no reason* why they were hitherto omitted.” But though the learned commentator could see no reason why the words were omitted *before*, his readers can see one why they should be omitted *now*; viz. that the words *historical-pastoral* may not be absurdly repeated. The truth is, that the industrious editor has entirely lost the merit of his *recovery*, by the negligence of his printer: the folio properly reads:

— pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, *tragical-comical-historical-pastoral*, &c.

p. 259.

Ham. Why, as *By lot, God-wot, &c.*] The original ballad, in black-letter, is among Anthony à Woods collections in the Ashmolean Museum.

p. 260.

Ham. O old friend! Why, thy face is *valanc’d* since I saw thee last; com’st thou to beard me in Denmark.

Valanc’d should have been explained. It means overhung with a canopy or tester like a bed. The folios read *valiant*, which seems right. The comedian was, probably, “bearded like the pard.”

p. 262.

Ham. — the play, I remember, pleas’d not the million; ’twas *caviare* to the general.

The discordant accounts given in this page will fully justify the following quotation from a writer of sense and veracity.

“Caviare

“Caviare is made at Astracan of the rows of Sturgeon and Belluga, a large fish, about twelve or fifteen feet long, without scales, not unlike a sturgeon, but more luscious and large; his flesh is whiter than veal, and more delicious than marrow. Of these two fishes they take great numbers only for their rows sake, which they salt and press and put up into casks; some they send unpress'd, and a little corn'd with salt, being accounted a great dainty.” Present state of Russia, by dr. Col ins, 1671, 12mo.

Hamlet seems to mean, that the play, like the pickled sturgeon, was a delicacy for which the multitude had no *relish*; and, hereby, pays the said multitude a compliment he did not intend; since it is hard to say, whether his tragedy or his caviare were the more strange and unnatural food.

p. 268.

Ham. What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

Mr. Upton and sir John Hawkins think this expression a plain allusion to a passage in Plutarchs life of Pelopidas, which the latter has here quoted at length. This story Shakspeare had undoubtedly read in sir Thomas Norths translation: but that he here alludes to it is not equally apparent. Hamlets observation merely relates, as the players grief did, to the bombast stuff about Hecuba which the latter had just done spouting.

p. 273.

King. Her father, and myself (*lawful espials*).

“The words——*lawful espials*, are WANTING in the
FOLIO. STEEVENS”

This

This is not altogether so certain. At least both the first and second folios *appear* to read :

Her father, and my selfe (LAWFULL ESPIALS).

p. 278.

Ham. — Who would fardels bear,
To *groan* and sweate under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great *pith* and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Groan.] Dr. Johnson is for or against Shakspeares own words just as it suits his purpose or inclination : if *grunt* (the reading of *all* the old copies) be to be changed to *groan* merely because (as he says) *it can scarcely be borne by modern ears*, Shakspeare may be so transmogrified (how do your ears bear that, dr. Johnson?) and frittered away, by his friendly editors, in the course of a few years, that, if he were to rise from the dead, he could not possibly know his own work.

The *undiscover'd* country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.

It may still be a question how far dr. Farmers note removes the force or ground of lord Orrerys objection.

A very simple person once observed, that it is rather extraordinary for Hamlet to say that *no Traveler* had ever re-
turned

turned from this *undiscovered country*, when he has, a few moments before, had a long conversation with the spirit of his father, which had *returned from it*, for the sole purpose of speaking to him.

Pith.] The quartos, it seems, have *pitch*, which is certainly the better reading. The allusion is to the *pitching* or throwing *the bar*;—a manly exercise, usual in country villages.

p. 280.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me : for virtue cannot so *inoculate* our old stock, but we shall relish of it.

Innoculate is the reading of the folios. The first quarto, according to Mr. Steevens, reads *euocutat*; the second, *euacuat*; and the third *euacuate*. So that *evacuate* appears to be the true reading. The word adopted renders the passage absolute nonsense.

p. 282.

Oph. Like sweet bells jangled out of *tune* and harsh

Would it not be better to read *time*, with the quarto?

p. 285.

Ham. I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-herods Herod.

Dr. Percy (who has been long suspected to deal a little too much in creatures of his own imagination) should, at least, have pointed out some one of *the old Moralities* in which this *Saracen Deity* of his is so *clamorous and violent*. “Grennyng upon her lyke *Termagauntes in a play*” (Bales *Acts of English Votaries. Reliques, I. 77.*), which is,

D d

very

very probably, all the authority the learned dignitary had for his assertion, seems to mean no more than the behaviour of those fiends or imps, so frequently to be met with in the ancient *Mysteries*.

p. 289.

Ham. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself.

Though this be the reading of the two first folios, it is certainly much inferiour to the following, which Mr. Steevens gives us from an old quarto:

And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh' hath seal'd thee, &c.

Distinguish her election, is no more than *make her election*; *Distinguish of men* is exceeding harsh, to say the best of it.

p. 292.

Ham. O, your only *jigmaker*.

Mr. Steevens has clearly proved that *jig* in the authors time signified a ludicrous dialogue in metre, or a common vulgar ballad; but he is as clearly wrong in asserting that it did not, at that time, signify a dance. He may be satisfied of the fact, by only turning over the next leaf, from his own note:

— tumbling dauncing of *gigges*.

p. 292. b.

Ham. — let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of *fables*.
That

That a suit of fables was a very rich dress, and that an *equivoque* is hardly intended, will appear from the following passage :

“ I had rather,” says honest Sancho, when he is taking leave of his government, “ cover my selfe with a double sheepe skinne, then be clothed in *Sables*.” Shelton, P. 2. p. 359. e. 1620. 4to.

p. 300.

Ham. Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, *Baptista*.

Mr. ——— thinks that *Baptista* is, in Italian, the name always of a man. He is certainly right : *Baptista*, *Battista*, or *Giam-battista*, means no more or less than *John the Baptist*.

p. 302.

Hamlet. Would not this, fir, and a forest of feathers and two provencial roses on my *rayed shoes*.

After such a conclusive note in support of the old reading (*raz'd* or *rac'd*), why is mr. Popes capricious alteration still suffered to usurp a place in the text ?

p. 304.

Ham. For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here
A very, very—*peacock*.

The first folio has *paiocke*, one of the quartos, it seems, and the second folio *pajocke*, and another quarto *paicocke*. Mr. Theobald, in a very long note, contends that we should read *paddock*, which he interprets a *Toad*. As this is a most groundless and absurd conjecture, mr. Malone—believes it to be the *true reading* ! Alas, poor Shakspeare ! —

D d 2

Peacock,

Peacock, however, is so certainly right, that the very corruption of the old editions serves to confirm it:—the surname *Peacock*, and, most probably, the bird itself, is still, in many parts of the country, called *Paike*. A *paddock* is a *frog*. Hamlets using that word *afterwards* is nothing to the purpose *here*. A *peacock* means a creature of no value but for its gawdy trappings: but Theobald is evidently right in supposing that it is only substituted for the word *ass*.

p. 316.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—And so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd?—That would be scann'd;
A villain kills my father; and, for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up sword and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell whereto it goes.

“ This

“This speech,” says dr. Johnson, “in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered.”

How far it detracts from the virtue of Hamlet to be represented as lying in wait for an opportunity to take an adequate and complete revenge upon the murderer of his father, is a question not, with submission to the great moralist, quite so easily decided. The late king has reported himself to have been destroyed in the most deliberate, horrid, and diabolical manner;

Cut off ev'n in the blossom of his fin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to his account,
With all his imperfections on his head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

Under such aggravated circumstances, for Hamlet to be content with having what dr. Johnson calls blood for blood, would have been taking an inadequate and imperfect revenge, and, consequently, doing an act of injustice and impiety to the *manes* of his murdered parent. But, indeed, the reasons Hamlet here gives for his conduct, as they are better than any other person can make for him, will fully justify both him and it, against all such hypercritical opposition to the end of time.

p. 318.

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. *As kill a king?*

This exclamation, which mr. Steevens thinks may be considered as some hint, that the queen had no hand in her husbands

husbands murder, is as likely to proceed from *surprised guilt*, as *conscious innocence*. There is, indeed, no direct proof before us, of her being accessory to the late kings death: but his referring her punishment

—— to Heaven,

And to those *thorns* that in her *bosom-lodge*,

To *goad* and *sting* her;

and her own confession of the *black and grained spots* she sees in her very soul, *which will not leave their tinct*, do, surely, render her share in that shocking transaction very *suspicious*.

p. 321.

Ham. —— Sense, sure you have,
Else, could you not have *motion*: but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd.

This is, certainly, the true reading. Hamlet means that the queen must have some kind of *sense*, otherwise she could not walk about, use her eyes, hands, &c. as she was every day seen to do. Mr. Malones note (in which he explains *motion* by *libidinous inclination*), instead of throwing light upon the passage, does essential injury to it.

p. 325.

Ham. —— A *vice* of kings.

The *vice*, says dr. Johnson, is a low mimick, the foo of a farce, from whom the modern *punch* is descended. But, with all proper deference to so good a judge in these matters, it is a much more probable conjecture that the facetious master *Punch* and his wife *Joan* are the true representatives of those distinguished characters, in the old mysteries, *Pontius Pilate* and his *dreaming lady*. The old *vice*, as we elsewhere read, had a *dagger of lath* (i. e.,
a sword

a sword of thin wood), and is very likely the genuine ancestor of our more modern *Harlequin*. The fool of the Christmas gambols, in the North of Yorkshire, is yet called the *Vice*.

p. 328.

Ham. For this same lord
I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish *him* with *me*, and *me* with *him*.

This, dr. Johnson tells us, is Hammers reading; the other editions have it,

To punish *me* with *this*, and *this* with *me*.

What thanks are due from every lover of Shakspeare to these worthy editors for their constant and successful endeavours to preserve his *genuine text*!

p. 329.

Ham. ——— a pair of *reechy* kisses.

Reechy is, here, not *smoky*, as mr. Steevens interprets it, but *dirty* and *greasy*, like the appearance of a cook-wench's face, or chimney-bacon. This is, likewise, its meaning in *Coriolanus*:

—— The kitchen Malkin pins.

Her richest lockram 'bout her *reechy* neck.

p. 338.

King. The bark is ready, and the wind at *help*.

i. e. at hand, ready, ready to help or assist you. Dr. Johnson supposes it should be—the *wind* at helm.

p. 240.

King. And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

“*Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.*”] This being the termination of a scene, should, according to our authors custom, be rhymed. Perhaps he wrote,

Howe'er my hopes, my joys are not begun. JOHNSON.”

“The folio reads, in confirmation of dr. Johnsons remark, —

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. STEEVENS.”

This is true: but is it not, at the same time, a conclusive proof either that dr. Johnson never looked into the folio, or that he has ascribed what he there found to his own sagacity?

Something of this nature has been before observed. Dr. Johnsons captious readiness to question mr. Theobalds integrity on similar, though much more dubious, occasions is a sufficient justification of truth and candour to dwell on circumstances which might, perhaps, otherwise have been left unnoticed.

p. 346.

Oph. To-morrow is St. Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Without doubt, says dr. Farmer,

Good morrow 'tis Saint Valentines day.

The young lady comes to her sweethearts window *the day before*: the choosing of *Valentines* is always the busyness of the vigil or eve.

P. 347.

Oph. By Gis, and by Saint Charity.

Gis

Gis is, likely enough, a corruption of *Jesus*. But surely it cannot be imagined that the letters I. H. S. on book backs, &c. could any way contribute to it.

p. 361.

King. ——— The other motive,
Is the great love the general gender bear him:
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces.

The folio, mr. Steevens observes, instead of *work* reads *would*. And should not the present edition have done so? Dr. Johnson seems not to understand the passage: the king says that the common people would turn Hamlets faults into virtues, as strange a perversion, adds he, as that produced by the spring which changes wood to stone. The learned and sagacious editor has a similar property; but *his* alchemy only serves to convert *gold* to *lead*: he has a very ready knack at changing the most perfect *sense* to the most absolute *nonsense*.

p. 367.

King. ——— good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

E e

Laer.

Laer. I will do't :
 And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword,
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death
 That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

It is a matter of surprise that neither dr. Johnson, nor any other of Shakspeares numerous and able commentators has remarked, with proper warmth and detestation, the villainous assassin-like treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot. There is the more occasion that he should be here pointed out an object of abhorrence as he is a character we are, in some preceding parts of the play, led to respect and admire.

p. 379.

Ham. We must speak by *the card*, or equivocation will undo us.

To do any thing by the card, says dr. Johnson, is *to do it with nice observation*; the *card*, being, according to him, the paper on which the different points of the compass were described : that is, the compass-paper itself. But it is not. The *card* is a *sea-chart*, still so termed by mariners : and the word is afterwards used by Osrick in the same sense. Hamlets meaning will therefor be, we must speak *directly foreward, in a straight line*, plainly to the point.

p. 397.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses : against the which he has *impon'd* six French rapiers, &c.

To *impose* is certainly right, and means to put down, to stake, from the verb *impono*. To *depose*, which dr. Johnson *perhaps* it should be, is the same as to *depose*, to swear, or give evidence upon oath, as he might have concluded from the very passage he has quoted from Hudibras.

p. 398.

Os. The king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a *dozen passes* between yourself and him, he shall not *exceed* you *three hits*: he hath lay'd on *twelve* for *nine*.

This wager dr. Johnson candidly professes himself unable to understand. In a dozen passes, he says, one must exceed the other more or less than three hits: nor can he comprehend how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. Mr. Malone, however, with the assistance of a “flight correction already made by sir T. Hanmer,” thinks he has reconciled all difficulties. By a *dozen passes between yourself and him*, he understands a dozen passes *for each*. The meaning then, says he, is—“The king hath laid, that in a dozen passes a-piece between you and Laertes, he shall not have the advantage of you by three hits. *He* (viz. the king) *hath laid on* the terms of Laertes making twelve hits *for nine* which you shall make.”—Or perhaps, he adds, the last *he* means Laertes, and then it will run—“*He* (viz. Laertes) hath laid on terms of making *twelve hits* for *nine* which you shall make.” This, continues the ingenious critic, just exceeds Hamlets number by three. If therefor, says he, Laertes in his 12 passes should make 12 hits, and Hamlet in his 12 but 9, the king would lose.—If on the other hand, Laertes should make but 11 hits, and Hamlet 9, or Laertes 12 and Hamlet 10, his majesty would win.

Mr. Malone has evidently bestowed great pains in the above nice and accurate calculation. And great is his praise as an ingenious commentator, and a dexterous arithmetician. It must, therefore, be with no small diffidence after so laborious and mathematical a discussion of this intricate subject, which he has, doubtless, most satisfactorily expounded, and, in the stile of his good old school-master, the venerable mr. Cocker, made plain to the meanest capacity, that any anonymous scribbler should venture to question the radix of his figurative system : and if that should unfortunately cause a demolition of the whole fabric, alas the day !

That a *dozen passes a-piece* were NOT intended, does evidently appear from the ensuing scene, in which the king, previously to the encounter, declares, that,

If Hamlet give the *first* or *second* hit,
Or quit in answer of the *third* exchange,

he will then drink his health. It is clear from this, that *Laertes* might get *these three hits*. But, in case either party (no matter which) were to be the sole assailant for the first twelve passes, and the other stand altogether on the defensive, as the ingenious commentators own idea allows one to suppose, the kings proposal would be ridiculous and absurd ; for, if *Hamlet* played *his* bouts first, *Laertes* could not have a single *chance* out of 12 passes, or, at least, 9 : and, on the contrary, if *Laertes* took the lead, there would be no possibility of *Hamlets* getting a *single hit*. The ingenious critic takes it for granted that passes might be made without a hit on either side ; a conjecture for which there is not the slightest ground in the play : each pass (or number of passes) seems to have been made for the purpose of getting the *hit*, and did not end till the hit was given. But let us
see

See how the parties behave in the trial scene. "*Here they play,*" each endeavouring, we find, to hit the other. Hamlet gets the *first* and *second hits*, and calls on his antagonist for the *third* bout; praying him to *pass with his best violence*: they play again: Laertes wounds Hamlet: they become incensed, change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes. There does not seem the least foundation for the ingenious hypothesis and calculation in the note; the whole structure must, therefor, inevitably fall to the ground. Had they played with coolness, and supposing their skill equal, the odds were (and so we are to understand Osrick) 12 to 9 in *favour of Hamlet*; for Laertes, to win, must have got 8 hits at the least; whereas Hamlet would have won if he had onely got 5; so that he had clearly the advantage of Laertes, in point of number, *three* whole passes or hits, and the odds were 8 to 5, which is in the same arithmetical proportion as 12 to 9, in Hamlets favour, before they begun to play. This is Shakspeares meaning, and renders the text clear and consistent throughout. And it onely remains to be considered whether dr. Johnson or mr. Malone has understood the passage best?

P. 405.

Laert. I am satisfy'd in nature,
Whose motion, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a view and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But, till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

This, mr. Steevens says, was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though *nature*, adds he, is satisfyed, yet he

he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlets submission. But, in fact, the passage is as little intended for a *satire*, as the honour Laertes alludes to, is *artificial* or *fantastical*. The ingenious commentator does not, surely, mean to contend that *nature* and *honour* are one and the same thing? The sentiments of Laertes, and almost his very words, would, one may venture to say, be adopted by men of *real honour*, in similar circumstances, in any country or in any age. He is, notwithstanding, a treacherous and diabolical villain.

p. 406.

Ham. Your grace hath laid *the odds* o'the *weaker side*.

Mr. Malone (for, unluckily, as he did not understand the passage, he found it would not, in its present shape, suit his ingenious hypothesis and curious calculations in a preceding page) would have us read :

Your grace hath laid *upon* the weaker side.

But the text is perfectly right, and neither requires nor admits of alteration. The king had wagered, on Hamlets part, *six Barbary horses* against a few *rapiers, poniards, &c.* *i. e.* about *twenty to one*. *ODDS* enough, in all conscience ! And yet is this same Mr. Malone, in another place, so hardy as to assert that *no unequal stakes were laid*.

p. 408.

Ham. I am afraid you make a *wanton* of me.

i. e. you trifle with me, as if you were playing with a child. Dr. Johnson onely observes that a *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. He might as well have said it was a horse or an elephant.

———— I would

———— I would have thee gone,
 And yet no further than a *wantons* bird,
 That lets it hop a little from his hand,
 And with a silk thread pulls it back again.

Romeo and Juliet.

P. 411.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart : Good night, sweet prince ;
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Mr. Steevens's note on this passage is so interesting and extraordinary that it becomes necessary to insert it here at large, lest it might be thought to be partially or unfairly represented in the remarks which it has occasioned.

“ Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the strength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

“ Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder ; and declares he will banish all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he mistakes Polonius for the king. On another occasion, he defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his school-fellows, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. He is not less accountable for the distraction and death of Ophelia. He

comes

comes to interrupt the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stratagem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He comes to insult the brother of the dead, and to boast of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnson has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless spectator or reader, that he kills the king at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

“ Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play; for as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, says,

“ Although his justice were as white as truth,

“ His way was crooked to it; that condemns him.”

“ The late dr. Akinfide once observed to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefensible, unless he were to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loss of expected sovereignty, and a sense of shame resulting from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother.

“ I have

“ I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regared as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience; and because no writer on Shakespeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character.”

There are very few, it is believed, at all acquainted with this inimitable author, who would not be surpris'd, nay astonish'd, at such a severe and unexpected attack upon his principal and most favourite character: a character every one has been hitherto led to admire and esteem, not more by universal and long establish'd opinion, than by the sentiments and feelings of his own mind. To find the amiable, the injured, the distract'd, and unfortunate Hamlet represented as a worthless and immoral being, totally undeserving of the least pity from those almost numberless audiences whom the united force of Nature, Shakspeare, and Garrick has compelled to weep for his misfortunes; and whose compassion would not be less in the closet than in the theatre, seems the most extraordinary and irreconcilable proceeding in a writer of genius and learning that can be well imagined. However, as the heavy charges which are here brought against him will, upon the slightest examination, appear to be groundless, unwarrantable, and unjust, there is little reason to fear that the confidence and ingenuity with which they are advanced and supported will answer the purpose of the learned objector.

Hamlet, the onely child of the late king, upon whose death he became lawfully intitled to the crown, had, it seems, ever since that event, been in a state of melancholy, owing to excessive grief for the suddenness with which it had taken place, and an indignant horror at his mothers speedy and incestuous marriage. The spirit of the king his father appears, and makes him acquainted with the circumstances of his un-

timely fate, which he excites him to *revenge*: this Hamlet engages to do: an engagement it does not appear he ever forgot. It behoved him, however, to conduct himself with the greatest prudence. The usurper was powerful, and had Hamlet carryed his design into immediate execution, it could not but have been attended with the worst consequences to his own life and fame. No one knew what the ghost had imparted to him; till he afterwards made Horatio acquainted with it: and though his interview with the spirit gave him certain proof and satisfactory reason to know and detest the usurper, it would scarcely, in the eye of the people, have justified his killing their king. To conceal, and, at a convenient time, to effect, his purpose, he counterfeits madness, and, for his greater assurance, puts the spirits evidence and the usurpers guilt to the test of a play, by which the truth of each is manifested. He soon after espies the usurper at prayers, but resolves, and with great justice resolves, not to kill him in the very moment when he might be making his peace with heaven: inasmuch as a death so timed would have been rather a happiness than a punishment, and, by no means, a proper revenge for his fathers murder. We next find him in the queens apartment, endeavouring to make her sensible of the state of vice and horror into which her unnatural connection with the usurper had plunged her. At the beginning of this conference he mistakes Polonius, who was *behind the arras*, and about to alarm the household, for the usurper, and, under that apprehension, stabs him. The spirit appears (not very necessarily, perhaps) “to whet his almost blunted purpose.” He is, immediately, sent off to England: and, in his passage, discovers the treacherous and fatal purpose of the commission with which his companion and pretended friends were charged. These men, he
knew,

knew, had eagerly solicited and even thrust themselves upon this employment; and he had, of course, sufficient reason to conclude that they were well acquainted with the nature and purport of their fatal packet. That Shakspeare meant to charge them with this knowledge, and to represent them as *participes criminis*, is evident from the old black letter *Hystorie* which furnished him with the subject, where they are not only made privy to, but actually *devise* the scheme to take Hamlets life. His own safety depended on their removal; and, at such a time, and under such circumstances, he would have been fully justified in using any means to procure it.

That he is "accountable for the distraction and death of Ophelia" is a most strange charge indeed. He had, to be sure, accidentally killed her father, whom he *took for his betters*. This causes her distraction; and her distraction causes her death. A most lamentable train of circumstances! and with which the moral character of Hamlet is as little concerned at that of the ingenious, though uncandid, commentator.

That "he comes to interrupt the funeral designed in honour of this lady," is an assertion which has nothing but the credit of the asserter to support it. Walking with his friend Horatio through a churchyard, he enters into conversation with a grave-digger; but, presently, observing the approach of a funeral procession, he says to Horatio, to whom he was then speaking:

Soft, soft, aside. Here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers: *Who is this they follow?*
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow, did with desperate hand

For do its own life. 'Twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Does it appear from hence that he knew, or had the least reason to suspect this to be the funeral of Ophelia; or even that he was apprised of her distraction or unfortunate death? The contrary is most certain. He left the kingdom before her insanity broke out, and does not return till after she is dead: he has seen no one, except Horatio, who was certainly unacquainted with the latter circumstance, so that it is next to an impossibility that he could have known what had happened to her. But to proceed: Laertes asking *what ceremony else?* Hamlet observes to Horatio, *That is Laertes; a very noble youth.* Laertes concluding his expostulation about the further honours with the following beautiful lines:

—— lay her i'the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!——I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall *my sister* be,
When thou liest howling;

Hamlet exclaims: *What! the fair Ophelia?* His surprise and astonishment on hearing Laertes name his sister are manifestly apparent, and may serve to convince the learned critic, and every one who has been misled by his ill-founded accusations, that Hamlet does NOT come to interrupt the funeral, and is guilty of no outrage whatever. He as little “comes to insult the brother of the dead,” or “to boast of an affection for his sister, which before he had [in a wild and careless manner when he was under the necessity of *counterfeiting madness*] denied to her face.” Laertes bids

—— Treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,

Whose

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of;

an execration Hamlet cannot but perceive to be pointed at himself. Having uttered this curse, Laertes, hastily, and in direct violation of all decorum, jumps into the grave, where he "rants and mouths it" like a player. This outrageous proceeding seems to infect Hamlet; who, forgetting himself, as he afterward, with sorrow, owns to Horatio, and, by the "bravery" of the others grief being worked up "into a towering passion," leaps in after him: and he who thinks Hamlets madness or sincerity counterfeit here does not appear to know so much of Shakspeare or of human nature as every one who reads this play ought to do.

The affection Hamlet now boasts for Ophelia was genuine and violent; we find him with the very same sentiments in the beginning of the play, and he has never once disowned it, except on a single occasion, when the sacrifice was required by his assumed character; a circumstance which cannot, at least ought not to, be imputed to him as a crime.

The behaviour and language of Laertes is more ranting and unnatural, than noble and pathetic, and, with his execration upon Hamlet previously to his leaping into the grave, and the violent shock which Hamlet might feel on learning the corpse to be Ophelias, might easily work up to, and apologise for, a higher pitch of extravagance, a stronger and more composed mind than that of which Hamlet appears to have been then master.

Hamlets conversation with Laertes, immediately before the fencing scene, was at the queens earnest intreaty, and though dr. Johnson be pleased to give it the harsh name of "a dishonest fallacy," there are better, because more natural, judges who consider it as a most gentle and pathetic address;

address; and cannot perceive it to be either dishonest or fallacious: for, certainly, Hamlet did not intend the death of *Polonius*; of consequence, unwittingly, and by mere accident, injured Laertes, who, after declaring that he was “satisfied in nature,” and that he onely delayed his perfect reconciliation till his honour were satisfied by elder masters, whom, at the same time, (for he has the instrument of death in his hand) he never meant to consult, says,

—— Till that time,
I do receive your offer'd LOVE LIKE LOVE,
And WILL NOT WRONG IT.

On which the truly virtuous, innocent, and unsuspecting Hamlet replies,

—— I embrace it freely
And will this BROTHERS wager frankly play.

Let the conduct and sentiments of Laertes, in this interview, and in his conversation with the usurper, together with his villainous design against the life of Hamlet, be examined and tried by any rules of gentility, honour, or humanity, natural or artificial, he must be considered as a treacherous, cowardly, diabolical wretch. Is such a character to rise on the fall of the generous Hamlet?

Things are sometimes obvious to very careless spectators or readers, which are not discerned by those who play closer attention to the scene. Hamlet, in a trial of skill with Laertes, receives an unexpected, a treacherous, and mortal wound. Immediately before the company enter, he appears to be much troubled in mind; his spirits foreboding what was to happen: “If it be now,” says he, “’tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readyness is all.”

He

He does not appear to have suspected Laertes of any unfair practice (he did not know so much of him as we do), but he had every reason to expect treachery and murder from the usurper; he might too have heard something of his secret juggling with Laertes; and, doubtless, intended to revenge the death of his father. Being thus wounded, and on the threshold of futurity, if he had not killed the usurper immediately, the villain would have escaped unpunished. But he does not stab him for his treachery toward himself,—he upbraids him with his crimes of INCEST and MURDER,—and consigns him to the infernal regions,

With all his 'rank offences' thick upon him.

So that he sufficiently revenges his father, his mother (who, by the way, dyes, if not deservedly, at least unpityed), and himself. As to his own fall, every reader or spectator must sympathise with Horatio, for the untimely loss of a youthful prince possessed of such great and amiable qualities, rendered miserable by such unparalleled misfortunes;

—— For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally;

and who falls a sacrifice to the most base and infernal machinations. His death, however, is not to be looked upon as a punishment; the most innocent, as Shakspeare well knew, are frequently confounded with the most guilty; and the virtues of Hamlet were to be rewarded among those angels which his friend Horatio invokes to escort him to everlasting rest.

Dr. Akenfide was a very ingenious, sensible, and worthy man: but enough has been said to satisfy those who doubt, that the conduct of Hamlet is neither unnatural nor indefensible. That his intellects were really impaired by the circumstances enumerated by the above learned physician,

is very probable ; and, indeed, Hamlet himself, more than once, plainly insinuates it. See, in particular, the latter part of his soliloquy at the end of the second act.

The opposing and refuting of general charges by proof and circumstance commonly requires much more time and space than the making of them. The writer is sensible that the arguments here adduced are neither arranged so judiciously, nor expressed so well, as the objections of the learned commentator ; but from what has been said, and as it is said, it will appear, that it has not been without strong and sufficient reasons that Hamlet has “ been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience ;” and the ingenious critic will not, perhaps, have much cause to congratulate himself, on being the only person who has taken pains to point out the *immoral tendency* of as noble, as virtuous, and as interesting a character,

As e'er ‘imagination’ cop’d withall.

P. 414.

Hor. — So shall you hear
Of *cruel*, bloody, and unnatural acts.

Thus, says Mr. Collins, the more modern editors. The first quarto, and the folio, adds he, read — Of *carnal*, &c. referring, he supposes, to the usurpers criminal intercourse with the mother of Hamlet.

Carnal, is without doubt, the true reading : but nothing can be more indecent, ridiculous, and absurd than the construction here put upon it. Was the relationship between the usurper and the deceased king a secret confined to Horatio ? All the world must have been apprised of it. The word is used by Shakspeare as an adjective to *carnage*.

The

O T H E L L O.

p. 427.

Iago. — Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him.

Off-capp'd, in the folio, is certainly the true reading.
That of the text is nonsense.

p. 428.

Iago. One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a *fair wife*.

This passage is too stubborn for any but a master critic to attack; and those who have hitherto attempted it have little reason to boast of their success. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *fair phyz*; which dr. Warburton calls a "White-friers phrase," and thinks Iago is repeating Othello's own words, alluding to him. Mr. Steevens seems gently to incline to Theobald's notion, that the fair wife was Iago's. Dr. Johnson, according to his usual custom when there is real difficulty in a passage, has nothing to propose. Mr. Tollet thinks one might read *false wife*. Mr. Tyrwhitt believes the true reading is *fair life*. Mr. Steevens, in a subsequent note, observes, that *almost damn'd in a wife* can only be said of a man who is near being married; thinking, it seems, that a man actually married is not *almost*, but *altogether damn'd*. It is, however, settled that Cassio is the Florentine, and evident that *wife* can never be the true word; since he neither is married, nor, till some time after, has any connection with a woman, at least to our knowledge.

G g

Mr.

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to have come the nearest to what we may conceive to be Iago's meaning; and as his emendation does so little violence to the text, the editors would certainly have been justifiable in adopting it.

p. 436.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a *grange*.

That is, says Mr. Warton, you are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed.

One is always glad to read the notes of this very ingenious and fanciful writer; since, if one does not meet with information, one may be sure of entertainment. "*You,*" he makes Brabantio say to Iago and Rodorigo, "are in a populous City, *not in a lone house.*"—They are *standing in the STREET*. See, as to *Grange*, before, p. 21.

p. 440.

Bra. With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?
How did'st thou know 'twas she?—O, *thou deceiv'st me*
Past thought!—what said she to you?—

Thus, says Mr. Steevens, the quarto 1622. The folio 1623, and the quartos 1630 and 1655, he adds, read,

— O she deceives me

Past thought.

"I," continues he, "have chosen the apostrophe to his absent daughter, as the most spirited of the two readings."

It may be the most spirited, but it is surely the least natural. It is not at all in Brabantio's manner, and is with as much probability an error of the press as an apostrophe to his daughter. Be that, however, as it may; the majority

city and weight of evidence is in favour of the other reading, which is more likely to be Shakspeares own, and should therefor be restored.

p. 446.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Iago. Marry, to —— Come, captain, will you go?

Mr. Steevens thinks it singular that Cassio should ask the question, as it appears he knew of Othellos courtship from first to last. But it is very easy to imagine that Cassio might wish to know if Iago were acquainted with the lady, to prevent the latters suspecting that *he* was.

p. 448.

Bra. That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That *weaken motion*.

Mr. Theobald reads—*That weaken notion*. HANMER—*That waken motion*: a notion to which Mr. Steevens inclines. Mr. Malone knows not which to prefer; he is for both and neither.

To *weaken motion* is—to *impair the faculties*. It was, till very lately, and may, with some, be still, an opinion that philtres or love-potions have the power of perverting, and, of course, weakening or impairing, both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage toward any unworthy object who administers them. And by *motion* Shakspeare means the senses which are depraved and weakened by these fascinating mixtures.

P. 454.

Bra. She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.

Dr. Warburton cites a Venetian statute against those who sold love potions, of which Mr. Steevens believes Shakspeare knew no more than he does; he, however, supposes him to have been "well acquainted with the edicts of that sapient prince king James the first, against

—— practisers

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant."

But there is no doubt that Shakspeare had the substance of Brabantios speech from Cinthios novel, however he might come by it, and Cinthio, it may be supposed, knew something of the Venetian statute. As to the *edict* against these practices by James I. it may be fairly presumed, that his sapienty had just about as much concern in its fabrication as (if wisdom and learning be as criminal as it is rare in a great king) a somewhat less sapient successor of his had in its repeal.

p. 460.

Oth. That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not *intently*.

Thus, says Mr. Steevens, the eldest quarto. The folio, he adds, reads *instinctively*. Perhaps, continues he, it should be *distinctively*: a word which, if he had looked into the second, third, or fourth folio, or into any subsequent edition prior to Dr. Johnsons, he would there have found.

Iago

P. 475.

Iago. — If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an *erring barbarian* and a *super-subtle Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, &c.

Here is a collection of quibbles. By an *erring Barbarian* he means not onely a *roving moor*, but a *shallow, blundering brute*; and this character he sets in opposition to that of a *super-subtle Venetian woman*. The vow, he concluded, must needs be frail that was made between two such unnatural extremes as brutal folly and the most refined female cunning.

p. 485.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

This short speech, mr. Steevens says, is in the quarto unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Æmilia*, as to *Desdemona*. It is given to Desdemona in both the folios; and to her it most certainly belongs.

P. 499.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a *parley of provocation*.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an *alarum to love*?

The *voice*, says dr. Johnson, may *sound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *sound* a *parley*.

The *eye* is often said to *speak*. Thus we frequently hear of the *language of the eye*. Surely that which can *talk* may, without any violent stretch of the figure, be allowed to *sound* a *parley*.

The folio reads—*parley to provocation*.

Pheere or *fere* is as entirely different from *peer* as one word can be from another: the former implying a partner, companion, mate, sweetheart, husband, or wife. *Peers* and *compeers* may signify *equals*, and, in that sense, *fellows*; but this is not the language of a ballad-maker. The term *worthy fellow* would be poorly explained by *honest equal*. But why should we thus endeavour to make difficulties where we find none? Every person, one may venture to say, who has hitherto read the line will understand it to mean, by a very common inversion of language,

King Stephen was a worthy *lord*,

The term is not confined to this passage: we have it in the *Tempest*:

O *king* Stephano! O *peer*! O worthy Stephano.

Spenser uses *peer* continually for *lord*, and one might quote a multitude of similar instances from old books: but to what purpose?

Ibi.

With that he called the taylor—*lown*.

“Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.” Rather *knave*, *rascal*.

p. 506.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom.

In quarter, that is, according to dr. Johnson, “in their quarters, at their lodging.” But it should rather mean *at peace*, *quiet*, or, as the learned critic elsewhere explains it, “in friendship, amity, concord.” They had been on that very spot (the court or platform, it is presumed, before the castle)

castle), ever since Othello left them, which can scarcely be called being *in their quarters*, or *at their lodging*. And, indeed, they could not have left it without being guilty of another offence, as they were directed by Othello to keep the watch.

P. 515.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, *for I'll away*; go; vanish into air; away.

This must be wrong;—possibly Shakspeare wrote—*fly away*.

P. 520.

Des. ——— What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you.

And yet in the first act, says mr. Steevens, Cassio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othellos marriage, and of the person to whom he is married.

The ingenious critic will, perhaps, find his observation a little too hasty. Cassios *appearing* or *pretending* to be ignorant of the above circumstances is, in the first place, no conclusive proof that he *actually was so*: and, secondly, if the learned writer will take the trouble of referring to the passage he alludes to, he will perceive that Cassio is *not* indebted to Iago for the information “of the person to whom Othello is married.”

P. 523.

Oth. They are *close delations*, working from the heart.

Dr. Warburton reading, and defending *cold dilations*, “I know not,” says dr. Johnson, “why the modern editors are
satisfied

satisfied with this reading. They might easily have found that it is introduced without authority. The old copies UNIFORMLY give, *close dilations*, except that the earlier quarto has *close denotements*; which was the authors first expression, afterwards changed by him, not to *cold dilations*, for *cold* is read in NO ANCIENT COPY, but to *close delations*, &c."

Now would any one suppose that, after this confidence, *cold dilations* should be the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios? But it is actually the case. How naturally does indolence produce error!

P. 525.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guesses,
——— that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, &c.

This passage is printed and explained as if what should have followed after the words *though I* were broken off by the speaker designedly. But it is not. His words and meaning are altogether plain and simple. *I beseech you*, says he to Otello, *though I may be too shrewd and vicious in my guesses* (i. e. as Mr. Steevens well explains it, apt to put the worst construction on this matter), *that you would not, from my imperfect surmises, take further notice of it.*

P. 527.

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy,
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

The term *green-ey'd monster* seems to refer onely to *jealousy*, and *mock*, doubtless, in this instance, signifies to *loath*. *Suspicion* is the *food* which may be said to support *jealousy*; and
this

this very food the *jealous person* loaths and detests, though he is not able to withstand the anxiety with which his mind pursues, and devours it. Dr. Smollet had, perhaps, this very passage in his eye, when he made one of the characters in his *Regicide* say

—— let me rot

A loathsome banquet to the fowls of heaven.

P. 529.

Oth. —— 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are *more* virtuous.

“ I know not,” says Mr. Steevens, “ why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most* instead of *more*.”

They had two reasons :

1. The sense requires *most*. And,
2. It is the reading of the second folio.

P. 532.

Iago. Foh ! one may smell, in such, a *will most rank*.

Will, says Dr. Johnson, is for *wilfulness*. A *rank will*, adds he, is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant. To *SMELL wilfulness*, and an *overgrown self-will*, is a faculty peculiar to the learned critic. But with all imaginable deference to him, the expression means,—*inclinations or desires most foul, gross, and strong-scented*.

P. 553.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts, of old, gave hands ;
But our *new heraldry* is—*hands*, not hearts.

H h

Without

Without it can be proved that this play existed in its present shape prior to the institution of the order of baronets, one may, pretty safely, admit that this passage contains an allusion to the arms allotted them. But that Shakspeare intended to sneer at the establishment, or had such a refined and complex meaning as dr. Warburton would contend, is not quite so obvious. As to the inconsistency of Othello's acquaintance with an English honour of the writers own time, every play abounds with similar instances.

S U P P L E M E N T.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

p. 81.

Widow Dido.] Perhaps, says the industrious editor, there is here an allusion to some old ballad. In the *Pepysian* collection, adds he, is one to the tune of *Queen Dido*. If the learned commentator had consulted that collection, he might have found the ballad of Queen Dido itself. But it is rather extraordinary that he should not know that it was printed in Percys Reliques.

This ballad appears to have been, at one time, a great favourite with the common people. "Oh you ale-knights," exclaims an ancient writer, "you that deuoure the marrow of the Mault, and drinke whole Aletubs into consumptions; that sing QUEENE DIDO ouer a Cupp, and tell strange newes ouer an Ale pot, &c." Jacke of Douer, his Quest of Inquirie, or his priuy search for the veriest Foole in England. Lon. 1604. 4to. (*fig. 2.*)

Nor

p. 82.

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.] “It should be remembered,” says one of Mr. Malones mushroom assistants in this notable piece of editorial cookry, “that trenchers, which, in the time of our author, were generally used, were *cleansed* by *scraping* ONLY, and were *never washed*. They were *scraped* daily,” continues he, “till they were *entirely worn away*.” An assertion as ridiculous as untrue. The scraping of a trencher is merely preparatory and conducive to its being thoroughly *washed* and *scoured*. If *scraping* had been the *sole* and *dayly* process, these lasting and serviceable utensils would not onely have been soon entirely scraped away, but have scarcely been fit to eat off a second time: And if Mr. White (the trencher-scraper in the note) have been used onely to scrape, and never to wash his trenchers, one cannot well envy his guests the luxury of *fouling a plate with him*.

p. 87.

Val. *Not mine, my gloves are on.*

Speed. *Why then, this may be yours; for this is but one.*

From this quibble Mr. Malone conjectures that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*. That this was the ancient and original pronunciation is very probable, as appears from the word *only* (onely), and the vulgar usage in many counties at this day. But that it was not the general practice in our authors time is evident from the following passages:

Much ado about Nothing, act V. scene i.

Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,

But such A ONE whose wrongs do suit with mine,

Macbeth, act IV. scene iv.

H h 2

There's

There's not A ONE of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd.

A love letter of Henry the eighth to Anna Bullen, printed by Hearne at the end of Robert de Avesbury, will clearly shew the pronounciation of that period.

"As touching a lodging for you, we have gotten won by my lord Cardinals means, &c." (20)

p. 88.

Thou common friend that's without faith or love.

That's, says mr. Malone, is here used for *id est*, *that is to say*. Seriously? And does not the ingenious critic think there is *almost* as much reason for supposing it to be used instead of—*that art*?

p. 360.

——— *that young Hamlet was born.*] By this scene, judge Blackstone observes, it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old. And yet, says he, in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young* man, one that designed to go back to school, *i. e.* to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act, he thinks, had forgot what he wrote in the first.

In fact, however, the poet has forgot nothing; neither is there any reason to suppose the least inconsistency in the matter: men may study, or reside at the university to *any age*.

(20) Mr. Malone, on another occasion (v. 72.), observed to mr. Steevens, "that *one* and *on* are perpetually confounded in the old copies of our author." The learned gentleman, probably, made this observation before he had ever looked into an old copy: or he has discovered a *perpetual confusion* of which it would be difficult for any other person to find a single instance.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

P. 15.

K. Henry. Send for him good *uncle*.

“ John Holland, duke of Exeter, was married to Elizabeth the kings aunt. STEEVENS.”

It is very true; but the learned commentator should have added, that he had been deprived of the title, and *beheaded* by Henry IV. The nobleman to whom the king now addresses himself is Thomas Beaufort, earl of Dorset, who was, indeed, created duke of Exeter, but not till some years after the time of this conference.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

P. 452.

Queen. A crown for York ;——and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.——

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Shakspeare, mr. Steevens observes, has on this occasion deviated from history. The paper crown, he says, was not placed on the duke of Yorks head till after it had been cut off.

The ingenious commentator is most certainly mistaken. Shakspeare, so far from having deviated from history, has
followed

followed it with the utmost precision. Whethamstede expressly tells us that the Lancastrians, in direct breach of a mutual agreement, and before the day appointed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the dukes army, and took him and the earl of Salisbury prisoners; treating both, but especially the duke, in the most shameful manner. *Nam, says he, statuentes eum super unum parvum formicarium colliculum, & quoddam sertum vile, ex palustri gramine confectum, imponentes, per modum coronæ, super capud suum, non aliter quam Judæi coram Domino incurvaverunt genua sua coram ipso, dicentes illusorie: Ave rex sine regimine; Ave rex absque hereditate; Ave dux & princeps absque omni populo penitus & possessione. Et hiis una cum aliis variis, in eum probrose opprobrioseque dictis, coegerunt ipsum demum per capitis abscissionem clameum relinquere suæ justiciæ vendicationis.* (p. 489.) Not a single circumstance is omitted or varied in the scene. It is not, however, imagined that Shakspeare had ever consulted Whethamstede: he found the same story, no doubt, in some old black letter chronicle, which it has not been the writers fortune to meet with, or he might possibly have it from popular tradition.

T H E E N D.

THE GENUINE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

Preparing for the Press,

AN EDITION OF

THE

P L A Y S

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH NOTES.

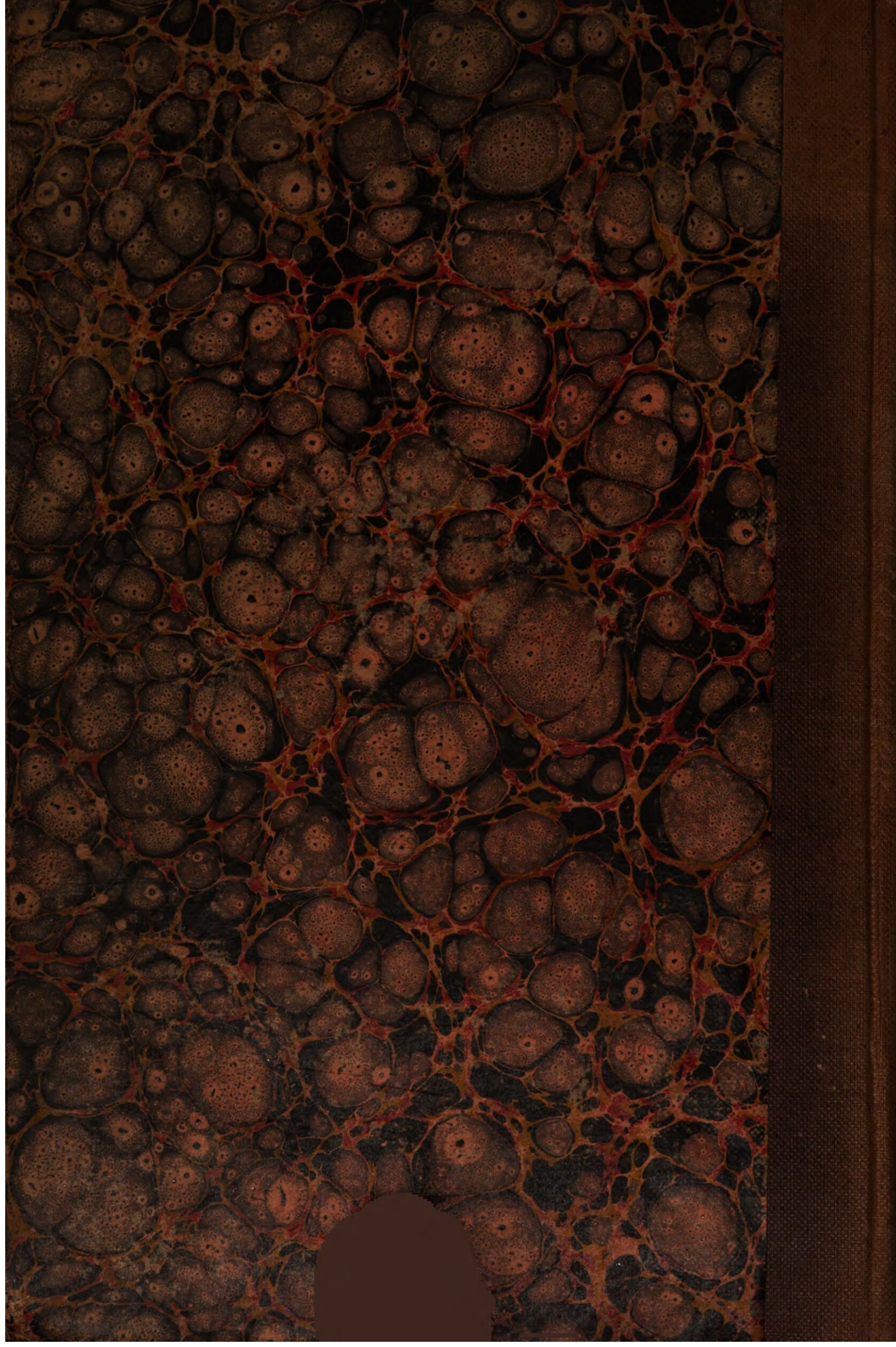
THIS edition will be comprised in eight duodecimo volumes; and will be carefully and accurately printed from the onely copies of real authority, the two first folios. But although these editions will be the standard of the intended work, such passages in the old quartos as may appear to have been omitted by accident, or with a view to shorten the representation, and every various reading, will be maturely considered, and, if worthy of insertion, be adopted, either in the text or margin, as their importance or merit may seem to require. No variation, however, will be made from the standard edi-

tions without apprising the reader of it, unless the difference should consist merely in a slight typographical error: Nor is any difference between the various editions in other respects intended to be otherwise than occasionally regarded. The orthography will be reduced with the utmost care to a modern and uniform system, except where a change would be injurious to the authors sense and meaning. Various or doubtful readings will be settled from an attentive examination of the sentiments of every commentator. The notes, which will be very sparingly introduced, and never but where they seem absolutely necessary, or peculiarly proper, will be chiefly extracted, under the names of their respective authors, from the editions of Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, and Steevens; but not to the exclusion of better, though, perhaps, anonymous, intelligence, if it can be given. It is, however, no part of the editors design to fill his margin with a view of the corruptions, or a refutation of the errors of preceding commentators.

The authors life, with the usual documents (particularly a more exact copy of his will than has been yet published), and the prefaces of his various editors will be prefixed to the work: which will, likewise, be attended with a new, copious, and accurate glossary. And, in an additional volume, it is proposed to give a complete verbal index, adapted to the intended edition.

This edition will, with regard to the correctness of the text, be infinitely superior to any that has yet appeared. It will possess all the advantages of every former edition, and be as little liable, it is hoped, as possible to the defects of any.

18th April, 1783.



Ritson, Joseph,

Remarks, critical and illustrative, on the text and notes of the last
edition of Shakspeare

London 1783

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